THE NEW YORKER

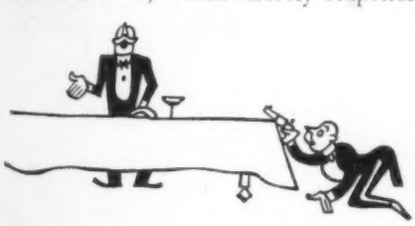
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE nervous disorders to which our citizenry is subject can be traced to many sources—the noise made by crosstown cars, the demands made by business, the remarks made by women, many others. In

part, we are sure, they can be traced to newspaper headlines—which are so worded and arranged that they tangle the mind and lead it jumping about from this to that, from country to country, from murder to murder. We were about to start our day with a copy of the *Times* the other morning; the first headline we read was: VICE-PRESIDENT DIES AS ARMY GETS WORD OF BOOTH INJUNCTION. After a few moments of trying to hook up Mr. Dawes with General Pershing and Abraham Lincoln, we laid the newspaper gently aside and took a train out into the open country where we could see fields and trees and little frozen brooks.

SCIENCE being uppermost in our mind, we have been rather interested in the development of the "mercy bullet"—a bullet equipped as a hypodermic needle, which merely stupefies



its victim and puts him to sleep. These bullets are being used in capturing big game, but it seems to us there must be other possibilities. What about banquets? Think of the human suffering that might be saved if the Astor and the Pennsylvania equipped their ballrooms with snipers in the balcony. Or if they simply supplied each guest with a mercy bullet instead of a place-card, and let him fire at will!

MOST harried of all business executives was the one seen riding across Forty-fourth Street toward Grand Central in the back seat of a Ford sedan, dictating to his stenographer as he rode. He looked such a prisoner in the silly little cubicle, with the patient handmaiden making silly little marks on a pad. "Civilization," we murmured, halting near the curb, "is making a monkey out of that man,

all unbeknownst to him." And just at that moment civilization started to make a monkey out of us with one of its fast Fifth Avenue buses.

IT'S a duty and a pleasure to note that the carriage trade is favoring the old Rialto Theatre in Hoboken. The players are enjoying, in the murk of the Jersey shore, a popularity not equalled anywhere on well-lighted Broadway. Not only is that old thriller, "After Dark," which Harry Wagstaff Gribble discovered in the Public Library, a perfect vehicle in which to display lightheartedness and hide amateurishness, but 1929 has turned out to be a favorable year for a new growth in the theatre—or rather a return to traditions that have been lost. We've been to Hoboken several times lately, and its warmth and easy-going spirit are a vast relief after the chilling monotony of the Manhattan theatrical district. To pay a dollar or two for a seat instead of four dollars is something; to go somewhere far

from the fierce arena of Times Square is much; and to approach darkly along a waterfront instead of edging along painfully in a taxi phalanx is a boon which is proving sweet to thousands.

Mr. Morley so dimly hoped for the success of his theatre that at first, we are told, he thought of calling it The Crown and Elephant, as being the crown of his ambitions and the elephant on his hands. A sudden turn of events changed the picture completely and success sprang from a lucky combination of things. By restoring the audience to their rightful estate and giving them an opportunity to boo the villain and stamp their feet in time to the sad songs, the Hoboken Theatrical Company achieves its simple triumph and the playgoers achieve their simple happiness—since the human animal derives a faint superior glow from sharing in the ridicule of anything at all. This stamping of the feet became at one time so alarmingly metrical that the patrons had some doubts as to whether the theatre would hang together under the vibration; so the manager had it inspected, and it was found durable.

That Hoboken life agrees with the townsfolk of Manhattan has been an alarming and wholesome discovery to producers on this side of the river, vindicating the contention of that vigorous

contender, St. John Ervine, who has been shouting for the dispersal of the theatres from Broadway. The Rialto's boom has extended to the restaurants near River Street; and the proprietor of the Hofbrau, we heard the other night, is now so overcome with gratitude for his sudden increase in business that he has volunteered to redecorate the theatre at his own expense. He has also opened an annex to his establishment to care for the overflow. Further, the Company has leased another theatre in Hudson Street, the Lyric, and is talking about putting on "The Black Crook," a spectacle in which ladies once appeared in tights, to the demoralization of our fathers and grandfathers.

All this is mightily pleasing, and after a couple of merry evenings in the friendly smoke of German cooking, one is likely to declare impulsively that one doesn't particularly care whether one ever again ventures into the white-light heart of Broadway, whose ever mounting and paramounting millions have a curious debilitating effect on the soul, and whose taxis must be feed a block in advance. Anyone who wishes to establish theatres in Yorkville, Spuyten Duyvil, Battery Park, Chelsea, or Montauk Point has our permission and a promise of our patronage.

Not Cricket

THE Bonwit Teller carriage man was disturbed one day last week, even mortified. In a sedan drawn up at the curb before his store a young woman sat shelling peas, putting the pods in one bag and the shelled peas in another. The doorman finally edged pretty far over to one side and pretended he wasn't with Bonwit Teller.

Distant Voices

TWO years ago, when the transatlantic telephone service was inaugurated, we visited the building in Walker Street through which the calls are handled. It was slow business then, and the girl assigned to the board complained of the dullness of her job. She handled only two or three calls a day. A recent visit to the office discloses that things are booming. Calls to England and the Continent now average thirty a day and on some days there are a hundred. There are two reasons: The public is getting the habit, and prices are lower. It costs only forty-five dollars for the first three minutes of talk with London now, instead of seventy-five, and but fifteen dollars for each additional minute.

Most of the transatlantic traffic is New York calling London or vice versa, but calls between all cities in the country and all countries on the Continent, save Italy, are a commonplace. There is no service to Italy yet, and not much demand for it. The longest call ever made was put in by a man in San Francisco who spoke to Oslo, eight thousand miles away. The charge for talking beyond London is not great—only seven and a half dollars more to Oslo, for instance. Belgium and Holland cost only a couple of dollars additional. Two conversations of an hour and a half duration have been held between this city and London, at a cost of about fourteen hundred dollars each. Most of the long-distance conversations are on business but there are many "thrill" calls, as when a young girl in Tampa spoke to her grandfather, whom she had never seen, in Sweden, and a dashing swain in the Middle West called his girl in Paris daily for three weeks.

Europe-bound, the human voice is carried by wire to Rocky Point, Long Island, where it jumps off into the air. The other side of the conversation comes back via a route several hundred miles to the north, being picked up at Houlton, Maine—on an antenna three miles long. Before the voice leaves the shore it is "stepped up" by a "booster station." To carry across the Atlantic the voice is "boosted," or multiplied, several million fold. "Booster stations" are used on land, too, but not such powerful ones, since there is one about every hundred miles. All this doesn't effect the transmission of the tone much; familiar voices are easily recognized.

The telephone people say that reduced rates have increased long-distance business greatly in recent years, and that probably a new cut soon will be made for calls within a radius of fourteen hundred miles of New York. The present night rate for San Francisco, on a station-to-station call, incidentally, is five and a half dollars for three minutes.

AT the telephone building we heard of a classical long distance made by a Cuban, who rang up Havana from a pay station in the Columbus Circle region. It is the policy of the company not to interrupt a conversation, and the Cuban talked until he had run up a bill of a hundred and forty dollars. When he concluded, he told the operator he had no change but would go out to a bank and get some. He did so, but after dropping twenty dollars' worth or so into the box it filled up and refused to take any more. Confronted by this situation the young lady asked the Cuban to hang around the phone booth for awhile, until the manager could send someone to take the money in person. About an hour later the foreigner showed up at the telephone-exchange office, explaining that he had waited all that while and nobody had appeared to make the collection. He thereupon settled his bill. Nowadays such a call from a pay station would be discouraged.

Hobby

SOMEWHERE on Park Avenue—which is as definite as we can be and still remain respectable—a speakeasy was opened on the ninth anniversary of the birth of prohibition. Its proprietor is a relative of a former attorney general—which is as much as we can divulge on that score, too. These bare facts failed to divert us when we heard them, but when we discovered that the gentleman was worth ten million dollars in his own right and that he had entered the business merely for the fun of being a bootlegger, we were somewhat enchanted by the story. It appears that running the speakeasy keeps the man, who has always been sportful, interested in life; he conducts it along conventional lines and serves anybody who is introduced. He sometimes tends bar himself, to keep in touch with things.

Routine Man

OUTSIDE the glittering Times Square district, nobody knows of Billy Pierce, but on Broadway they know him, revere him as a Success, and recognize him as the man who has per-

haps most influenced the dancing of the musical-comedy stage of recent years. He is a rags-to-riches hero. Born of poor but honest colored parents in Purcellville, Virginia, he was next heard of when drafted for the army and sent to San Francisco. From there he progressed rapidly to the Argonne battlefield, to become a first lieutenant in the famous 369th Infantry. The next fateful event in his life was the collapse in Union Hill, N. J., of a ragged, colored minstrel troupe for which he played a trombone and also took tickets at the door. That was about five years ago. Pierce spent one of his last nickels for a ferry ride to New York, having a notion to set up as an instructor in stage dancing, about which he had many ideas. He succeeded in talking the owner of a building in West Forty-sixth Street into giving him a small room, rent free, for a month. No one appearing to take dancing lessons during the month, he agreed to become night elevatorman in payment for back and future rent. Toward the end of the second month, Miss Irene Delroy, then of the "Greenwich Village Follies," dropped in to ask him about new dance steps—she had heard about him from her colored maid. He instantly suggested some which she liked, and which later were a success in her show. Although he had, after hesitation, suggested two dollars as his price, Miss Delroy gave him somewhat more.

Shortly thereafter Pierce began to get plenty of business, and since then he has taught dances to many stars of the legitimate theatre, including John Barrymore. He worked out the dance business in "Broadway" and taught Lee Tracy, the star of that piece, how to act like a hoofer. It is with musical-comedy people, however, that his work is considered significant. He has schooled hundreds of them. The Sugar Foot Strut danced by Miss Ada May in "Rio Rita" is credited to him, as is the Varsity Drag of Zelma O'Neal in "Good News." Now Pierce has an entire floor in the building in which he used to run the elevator, with a staff of five instructors, a porter, a secretary, and a chauffeur, and he doesn't hesitate over what to charge any more. His price is a hundred and fifty dollars for a "routine," and last year he originated more than a thousand. He gets his ideas, he says, from negro dances he learned as a youth in Virginia. Two of his instructors are boyhood friends he imported from Purcellville. He lives luxuriously now, but he still insists on waxing the dancing floors himself.

Addict

AMONG the most regular of the bridge-players on the early commuters' trains is a retired businessman, eighty-four years old, a resident of Bronxville. No longer has he any business in the city, but every morning he arises and catches a certain train—around 8:20—and plays with his old cronies until the Grand Central is reached. Then he gets out and takes the next train back to Bronxville.

Church and State

PERHAPS the favorite spot for lightning to strike on Manhattan has been the Museum of Natural History. For several months the corner towers on the south front of the build-

"I'm lost, Farnsworth, without a pretty woman, or a little animal of some kind."

ing have been imprisoned with scaffolding, because something is finally being done to thwart the lightning. Four years ago next June, a bolt hit the huge granite ball which adorned the southwest tower, and the granite eagle perched on the ball, and hurled them to the ground—four tons of flying menace. It was the same storm that sheared off part of the cross on the north spire of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

What happened after that is a little commentary on church and state. In a week or so the cathedral spire was cluttered with scantlings, planks, and gin-poles, the shattered emblem of redemption was lowered, and a new cross substituted. It has taken the city, on the other hand, more than three years to set about repairing the damage at the Museum, whose buildings are under the jurisdiction of the Department of Parks. Funds for repairs were asked in 1925 and again in 1926 but weren't granted until late in 1927.

Fragments of the church cross were quickly carried away by passersby for souvenirs and relics, but no one appeared to remove the shattered granite in the Museum grounds. Now, finally, the city is erecting an insulated copper globe where the great granite ball used to rest, and a similar lightning-proof metal globe will replace the granite ball on the southeast corner. The latter pile of granite has never been knocked down, but it has been twice attacked by lightning, one bolt moving it four inches on its base, into a precarious position.

Spirit of Service

SOME time ago a downtown firm gave a dinner for its staff and, especially since it had been marked by several speeches about Integrity, the vice-president who had been in charge of the affair was deeply perturbed when the management of the restaurant told him that a great deal of table silver was missing. He thought and thought as to what to do under the circumstances, and finally posted a notice on a bulletin board calling for the return of the stolen goods. He placed a box nearby to receive them. That evening he was gratified to see four spoons in the box. He was utterly discouraged, however, when he went to get them the next morning and found that even these were gone.

Thar She Blows

WE have been told some facts about Colonel Green, Hetty's son, which were not included in the Profile of him printed some time since in this magazine. He has long had a deep interest in the whaling history of New Bedford, the town nearest his estate, and especially in the museum there, in which many relics are preserved. While he was wondering what he might do to aid in the preservation of the vanished whaling ships, a movie company produced a sea story in and around New Bedford. An ancient vessel, the Wanderer, was outfitted and, under the command of a retired whaling captain, actually made a voyage. She was the last whaler to be equipped for service in New Bedford. The Wanderer ran on the rocks and was wrecked. Green purchased the masts and rigging of the ship and bought the hull of another old vessel, the Henry W. Morgan. He towed the latter around to his estate, set up the Wanderer's masts and equipment on it, and now a fully rigged whaling ship, all ready to sail—except that it is embedded in a cradle of concrete—lies at the dock. The dock is a replica of an old wharf in New Bedford, and Colonel Green intends to add further authentic color by reproducing on the shore a New Bedford

"And please, dear God, have Congress pass the Fifteen Cruiser Bill. Amen!"

street. Old-time sailors man the restored whaler now, acting as caretakers and guides. On windless days they set the sails as they once did on voyages, and on anniversaries they raise aloft the personal house flags of the sea captains who once sailed in the two ships.

AN anecdote which Colonel Green relates himself: He once borrowed five million dollars from his mother, to be used in consolidating several industries in Texas. A year later he reported to her that the enterprise had been successful and was netting a gratifying profit. "I can show you the books," he said. "I don't want to see the books," she replied. "Let me see your face as you are telling it."

"You must learn to need things, dear."

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Club Car

THE subway trains in the dark hour before dawn have a character of their own. Guards close their eyes to the "no smoking" rule and allow weary workers returning home from all-night jobs to puff contentedly. They may even supply matches or see to it that their patrons can lie down unmolested. Once we saw a testy gentleman try to rouse a sleeping man and make him give room. The guard sternly told him to find a place for himself in another car.

Motor Coach Palace

THE most elegant of all the motor-bus terminals is the new B. & O. coach station in Forty-second Street, right across the way from the Grand Central. It is in the new Chanin Building, where it occupies most of the first floor. Subterranean passages have been extended across the street, so you can go down shining stairs from the glittering main lobby and in a few moments' walk be all tangled up in the East Side subway system and the shuttle. The cement is still moist on the walls below stairs, but in time the B. & O. will have its own newsstands, drugstores, and bookshops down there.

The B. & O. has for some time been handicapped by the fate which prevents its trains from getting nearer to Manhattan than Jersey City, but now it can, and does, proudly flaunt its new coach station right in the face of the Grand Central. The new terminal is fitted up with ticket office, travel bureau, baggage-room, porters, and all the rest. The buses load inside the building in a cavernous bus-shed to which passengers gain access through polished grilled doors. When a bus is ready to depart, the bus-shed beyond these doors glows with light, and reveals a sort of Moorish, or perhaps Byzantine, courtyard, very pretty. A uniformed caller appears and chants the names of cities with an echoing "Al-l-l-aboard." The grilled doors are opened by a gateman in uniform and the passengers go out and climb in a bus which runs upon a huge turntable, is whirled about, and exits through suddenly opened doors into Forty-first Street for the ride through the streets and across the Hudson on a ferry to the "trainside" in Jersey. All very grand and comfortable and not to be made light of.

Artist

THE specialty of one of the ladies of the town who takes an interest in all sorts of people is to seek the spark of genius in the lowly. Last week her subject was an unhappy-looking man who had come to paint her floors. She studied him awhile and thought she detected an air about him —the way he handled his brush or something. "I wonder you don't take up art," she remarked. "Do you ever paint pictures?" The fellow thought this over. "Yes'm," he said, "when they're in my way I do."

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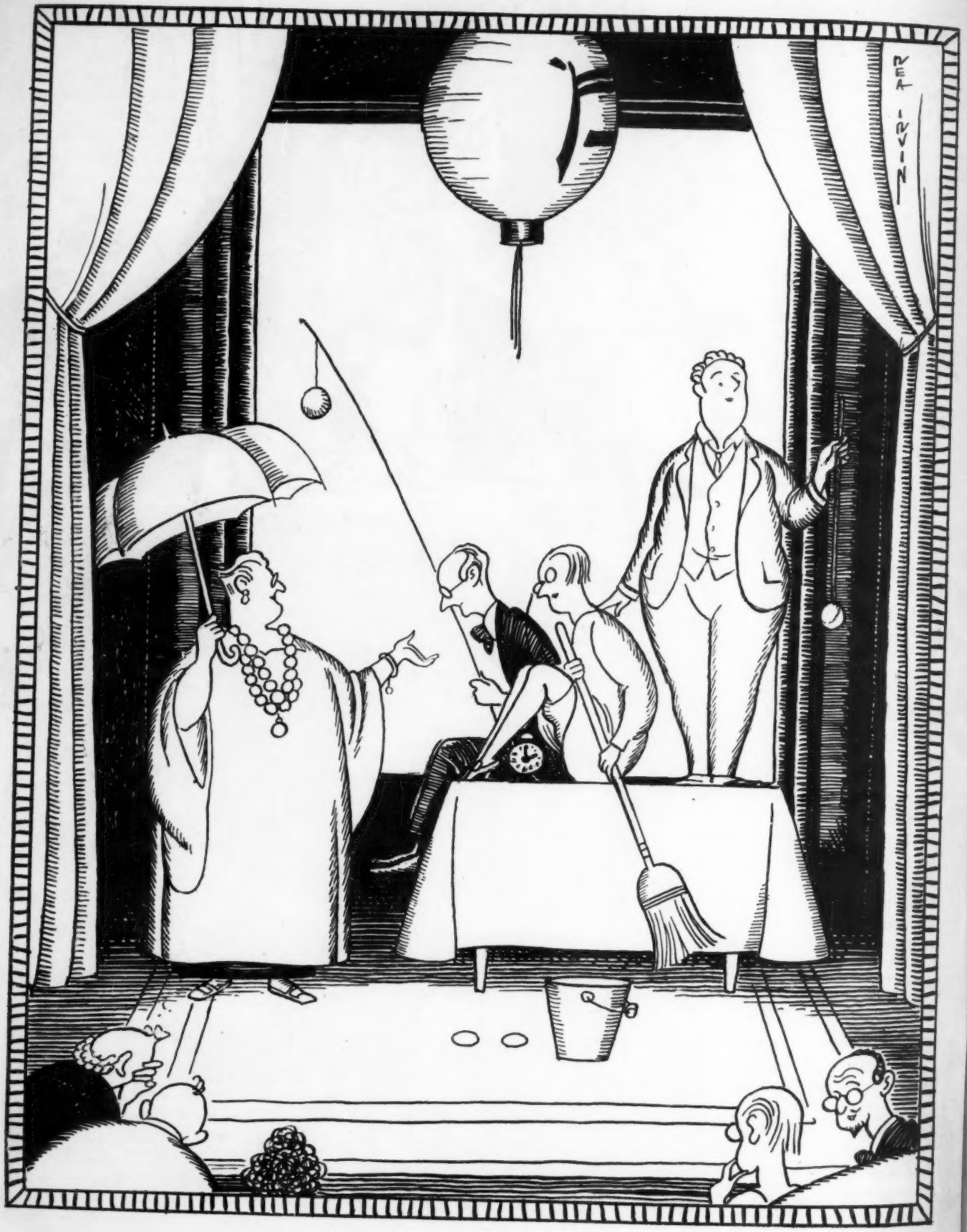


PASTIMES OF THE INTELLIGENTSIA

This charade, if properly done, spells dextro-gyrate, but you mustn't tell

ELSIE DINSMORE AT PALM BEACH

Let our thoughts be ever
Pure as yonder sun;
Gentle as the breezes,
When the night comes on.
—ANON

"TO think that we are now in Florida!" exclaimed Elsie with almost unmingled pleasure, as she and her noble-looking father sat down to a sumptuous breakfast, as befitted their station in life. "And what shall we do today?"

"As the sun is not yet four hours high," replied her father in pleasant tones, "I think we may purchase swimming suits and join our friends Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Worthington at the Bath and Tennis Club."

"Oh! that will indeed be delightful," said the little girl, in whose heart reigned such excitement that she partook of the morning meal with even more daintiness than was her wont.

AN hour or more later, the Dinsmores found themselves at the exclusive club, engaged in the exchange of salutations with their friends.

"Should you like to go into the water at once?" asked Mrs. Worthington graciously, as she led the way to the gay little cabannas, which served as bathhouses.

"Not until I have donned my new swimming suit," said Elsie, with a merry twinkle. When this sally passed unobserved, a slight shadow stole over her bright face for the moment; but sunshine soon broke through the clouds at the prospect of an invigorating dip.

Remarking that she found the water too cool for swimming in the morning, Mrs. Worthington decided to do a turn on the beach while little Elsie made ready. With eager hands the child began her preparations, but upon unwrapping her new suit, she found that by some mischance the knee-length outer skirt of the bathing suit had been omitted. Her heart was sore with grief, and try as she might, she could not hold back the hot tears; her little frame shook with racking sobs.

Finally, she gained control, resolving not to spoil the pleasure of her companions, and resumed her street dress, just as Mrs. Worthington's sweet voice came to her from without the cabanna: "Are you ready, Elsie, dear?"

"Oh, Mrs. *Worthington,*" cried Elsie, weeping afresh as she joined her kind hostess, "my bathing suit is incomplete, and I can not appear in it."

"What a pity! But I can easily buy you another," said Mrs. Worthington sympathetically.

"Oh, no, I must not bother you so," protested Elsie, drying her eyes. "I am very foolish to carry on in such a fashion. Perhaps—who knows, Mrs. Worthington—perhaps it is for the best that I should not go swimming. Perhaps it is a punishment for my sins."

Mrs. Worthington smiled as she made reply, "I think that hardly likely, my dear. But suppose we sun ourselves on the beach."

"That will do nicely," said Elsie, smiling bravely. Her heart smote her for thinking so much of herself, and her eye began to search the shore and the breakers for her father's form. Unable to locate him, she queried anxiously, "Is Papa safe?"

"Quite safe," answered the older woman reassuringly. "Both gentlemen started off for a swim some time ago, but I am convinced that nothing untoward has happened."

AS time passed and the two did not appear, little Elsie's heart became heavier and heavier, until it was like lead in her bosom. At length she saw Mr. Worthington, a fine-looking man, strolling toward them—alone. At the sight, her heart was nigh bursting.

"Oh, Mr. Worthington," she cried breathlessly, running toward him, "tell me the worst: is my own dear Papa *drowned?*"

"Far from it, my dear," he replied, patting her shoulder benevolently, as Mrs. Worthington joined them. "Did you not see him as he came back to dress? He asked me to present his compliments to you ladies and request you to excuse him from luncheon. He met a friend who has some important matters to discuss."

"The same old Horace!" laughed Mrs. Worthington.

"*Dear* Papa!" said Elsie, her eyes misting with daughterly affection. "*Always* business. At home he often attends to large transactions in the evening hours. I fancy that that is why he was ordered here for his health."

"I suggest that you fetch us a lunch from the cafeteria, Stanley," said Mrs. Worthington, changing the subject. "Elsie will enjoy lunching in our cabanna, I am sure."

"*Yes,* dear Mrs. Worthington," Elsie agreed. "I am sure that we shall all enjoy it greatly, knowing that Papa is out of danger."

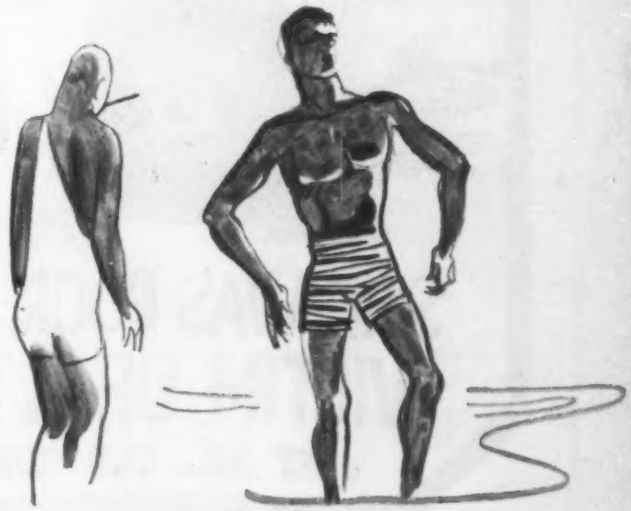
MR. WORTHINGTON soon returned, and a delightful collation was spread before them. In the meantime, Mrs. Worthington had prepared a beverage to slake their thirst before eating.

"What a delicious drink!" exclaimed Elsie. "It is just to my taste."

"It seems to consist largely of ginger ale," remarked Mr. Worthington in a slightly complaining tone.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed his wife hastily. "I must have confused the glasses! *Do* have another sandwich, Elsie, dear. Stanley, why not mix another drink for yourself?"

"I am not especially hungry, thank you, Mrs. Worthington," said Elsie,



whose pretty ways were very winning, "but I do feel still a little thirsty."

"Bravo!" cried Mr. Worthington, refilling both her glass and his own.

"Stanley!" cried his wife in alarm. "Do you deem it wise?"

"My dear," he chided playfully, "you wrong my cellar. This could not harm anyone. Allow her to imbibe all she wishes."

Elsie sipped her second glassful thoughtfully and the pleasant luncheon ended without further incident.

"I have greatly enjoyed these viands," said Elsie politely, rising to her feet, "but—" at this point she faltered, raising her hand to her brow—"I feel slightly dizzy. I have had such spells once or twice before, and I find that a nap is a great cure."

Her two friends hastened to make her comfortable, and fortunately she at once dropped off into a sound slumber, feeling no pain. For hours she lay, her lovely, refined countenance flushed with sleep. When at length the long rays of the setting sun were tingeing the waters with rosy hues, and the balmy air of day was gradually becoming the dewy cool of twilight, her brown eyes flew open, to light upon her father bending over her, and Mr. and Mrs. Worthington standing modestly by.

"Oh, dear, darling Papa!" she cried in moved tones, throwing her arms about his neck.

"My child!" he exclaimed with feeling. "Do you feel equal to dressing for dinner?"

"A trifle weak, but otherwise in good health," replied the little girl of fourteen, in an effort at cheerfulness.

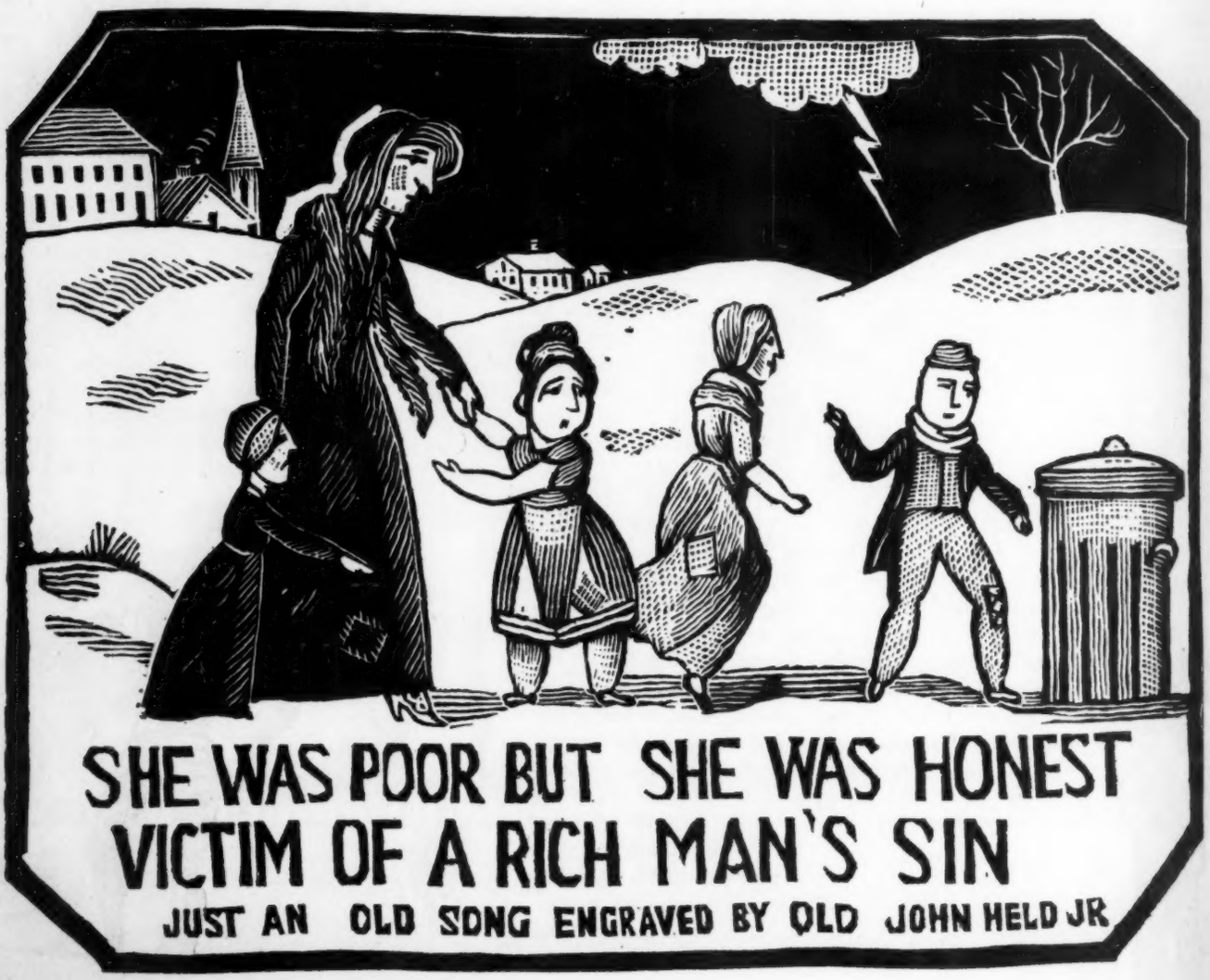
PROMPTLY at half past eight, the Dinsmores descended to the beautifully furnished dining-room of the hotel. Mr. Horace Dinsmore wore a dinner suit fashioned by the best of tailors, which accentuated the manly lines of his physique; and Elsie, who had no coquettish arts, but was simple-hearted, straightforward, and true, was a feast to the eye in her tasteful frock of white silk. They were joined at dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Worthington, and by Miss Shirley Bixby, also elegantly dressed for the occasion.

"How do you do, Elsie," greeted Miss Bixby. "I have not seen *you* for a long time. Horace, how do you feel after our airplane ride?"

Mr. Dinsmore had one of his coughing spells, as Elsie's eyes widened in horror and fear. She began to tremble violently, shudder after shudder shaking her whole frame.

"Papa, Papa, *did* you really fly?" Elsie sobbed. "You were in danger, and I did not know. I slept unfeelingly all afternoon."

"I had no idea you were so notionate about flying, my dear," he answered a little indignantly. "If you *must* inquire into my actions, I shall tell you why I went in this fashion. I learned on good authority that Miss Bixby was determined to go up. As a sincere friend I could not allow her to undertake such a hazardous feat alone with the pilot. I was willing to sacrifice *myself* for the sake of friendship, but I did not wish my little daughter to be worried. Can you not understand



my consideration for you, and forgive my seeming heartlessness?"

"Papa, dear Papa, please do not talk of—of forgiveness from me," said Elsie brokenly. "I am your own little daughter, and I know that you are always brave, wise, and kind. Please forgive *me*."

"With all my heart," answered her father generously.

After that, the dinner hour passed happily enough. It was not a gay party, but filled with a subdued, quiet cheerfulness.

AFTERWARD, following a short discussion, our friends repaired to Bradley's, which Mr. Horace Dinsmore described to Elsie as a kind of club. Here they found many gallant chivalrous men, refined cultivated women, and charming young ladies, all of whom were playing games. Our Elsie was particularly interested in one game played with a large cage shaped like an hourglass, in which were cubes such as she had noticed in the hands of her father's faithful black servants.

"This must be a nice game," she remarked thoughtfully, "for Uncle Ajax and Uncle Pompey play with two such cubes, and I am sure that kinder and better-hearted darkies than they do not exist."

"Stanley," said Mr. Dinsmore in quiet tones, "do you not think that Elsie seems a little pallid?"

"No," said Mr. Worthington, gazing at the little girl with admiration.

"You *don't?*" asked Mr. Dinsmore, frowning.

"Now that you speak of it," said Mr. Worthington hastily, "I *do* believe that she appears to be a trifle peaked."

"Oh! indeed, I am perfectly well," protested Elsie, her lip trembling. "I do not wish to mar anyone's pleasure."

"Think of your health first, daughter," said Mr. Dinsmore kindly. "I suggest that Mr. Worthington conduct you to the hotel, so that you may have a good rest tonight. The rest of us will promise for your sake not to give up our pleasure."

"Come, Horace," cried Miss Bixby gaily, "let us play Chemin-de-Fer upstairs."

"Chemin-de-Fer?" said Elsie, who had travelled widely and studied extensively. "That means 'railroad.' As a child I played a game which we called Choo-Choo, with chairs arranged in a line. Another game with chairs was called Going to Jerusalem. No doubt Chemin-de-Fer is similar to these, is it not, Mr. Worthington?"

Mr. Worthington was unable to reply, having turned aside to sneeze.

"Yes, yes," said her father hurriedly, "but, my child, you are in no condition to play such strenuous games. Goodnight, Elsie, dear. Papa promises not to brood over your going."

"Goodnight, goodnight to all," cried Elsie gallantly, as she departed.

—JOSIE TURNER

"Has he a sense of humor! Why, he laughs all the time."

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TRIOLET FOR A CHARMING YOUNG MAN

My darling, you are very vain
And just as selfish as can be.
That trouble-making little brain
Of mine insists that you are vain
And selfish too, but still it's plain
You certainly appeal to me
My darling, you are very vain
And just as selfish as can be.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

FIFTEEN AND FIVE

RECENTLY I had the pleasure of being driven uptown by Mr. Aaron Pitkin, the dashing taxi-driver and man about town. As I lounged back against the soft cushions of the cab I noticed, mounted upon the opposite wall, an attractively framed portrait of my driver. Beneath the portrait was Mr. Pitkin's own autograph.

"Pirie MacDonald?" I inquired politely.

Mr. Pitkin turned around and stuck his head in the window.

"I beg pardon?" he said.

"This portrait," I explained. "A speaking likeness of you. Pirie MacDonald?"

Mr. Pitkin laughed affably.

"No," he said. "Baron De Meyer. My friends all tell me it's good, the old flatterers. But I have some better ones here of Mrs. Pitkin. Should you care to see them?"

"I'd be charmed," I said.

We drove up to the curb where we

examined Mrs. Pitkin's photographs.

"This was taken the summer we were engaged," he explained.

"A splendid woman," I said heartily. "You must be very happy."

"They look better in a certain light," he said.

"Ah, true—too true," I agreed. "So many pictures do."

"And these," he added, "are the boys—Irving, Milton, and Mortimer."

"And fine manly chaps they are," I said. "However, if it's all the same to you, I promised my wife I'd be home early for dinner, and you know how women are—"

Mr. Pitkin stepped on the gas just as the red light flashed on.

"I know," he agreed sympathetically. "Mrs. Pitkin is the same way. I'd like you to meet her sometime."

"I'd love to," I said.

"Perhaps we can arrange an evening," said Mr. Pitkin. "If you and your wife would come to dinner, we might have a bit of bridge after—"

AT this point another cab shot giddily across our path. Mr. Pitkin addressed himself fluently to the driver.

"What d'ye think yer doin', you fathead?" And much more to the same effect. He turned around to me sadly.

"The categorical imperative has its limitations as a traffic regulation," he said. The red light stopped us at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street.

"Here is a little poem I composed," said Mr. Pitkin.

"I didn't know you wrote," I said.

"I didn't know you cared," he replied wistfully. "Ah yes, I dabble at it. I have lots of time for literary composition while waiting for the traffic signals to change. Some day I'd like to read you some of my plays."

"I'd love to hear them," I said.

Mr. Pitkin drew a sheet of paper from his pocket.

"Here is something in my early manner," he said. "I wrote it one morning at three A.M."

"Oh, it's fifteen cents for the first half mile,
And it's five for every quarter.
You may talk of gin and beer
When your quartered safe out here,
But you cannot drive a taxicab on water.
So my Klaxon gaily honks
From the Battery to the Bronx
While the summer days, alas, are growing shorter.
For it's fifteen cents for the first half mile
(Oh, the first half mile is the worst half mile)
Yes, it's fifteen cents to travel for the first half mile,
And it's five for every quarter."

"It's quite charming," I said.

"Suggestive of Beaudelaire?" he asked.

"Well—no."

"Just a *soupçon?*" he pleaded anxiously.

"Well, perhaps a *soupçon*," I admitted.

"Here's another," he said.

"The man who sells shoes has unusual views,
For his outlook is far from complete.
Solid food for the mind is not easy to find
While you're gazing at other folks' feet.

You would know at a glance that the man who sells pants,
Has a vision restricted in scope;
And though fragrant and pure there is naught to allure
One to dabble in perfumes and soap.

Oh, the man who sells ice may be pleasant and nice,
But his function is chilling and bleak.
There are few men who'd care to clip whiskers and hair
For the work is too tepid and meek.

So I range near and far in my gay yellow car,
And my job is alluring and sweet.
I survey the whole town as I cruise up and down,
From the depths of my taxicab seat."

"That's very beautiful," I said.

"It's a lot of tripe," he said. "Don't let anyone ever tell you that driving a taxi is fun. I wish I had gone in for professional quoit-throwing as my father wanted me to."

"Why didn't you?" I asked.

"I didn't quoit want to," retorted Mr. Pitkin.

We drove up before my house. I put my hand in my pocket to pay him.

"Oh, don't bother," said Mr. Pitkin. "Any time will do. You can mail me a cheque."

"No, I insist," I said.

"I'll have Mrs. Pitkin call up your wife and make a date," he said as he drove away. "Perhaps we can go for an automobile ride some night."

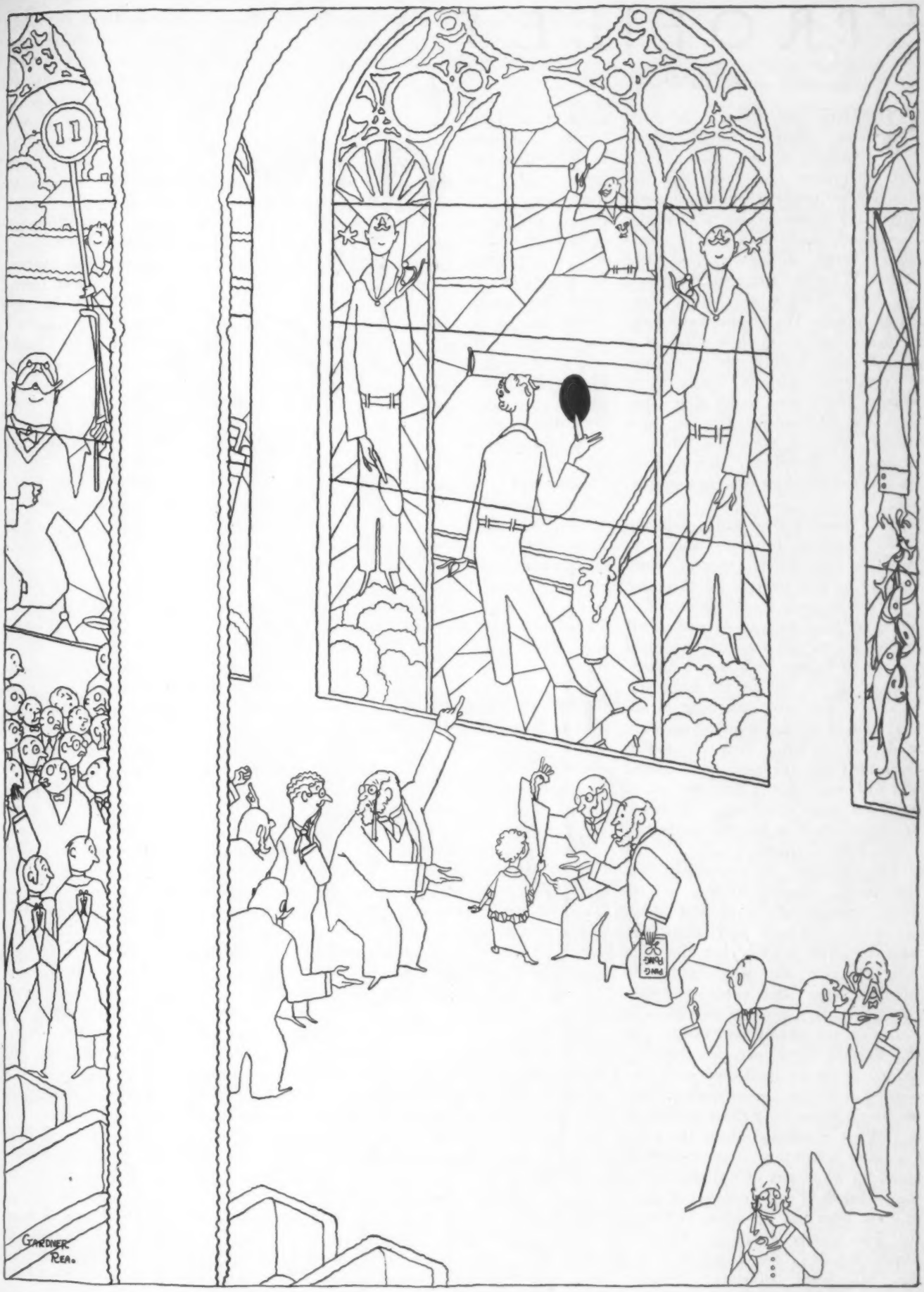
—NEWMAN LEVY

'TWAS THE MONTH AFTER CHRISTMAS

Hope was high in your heart
When you first untied the lavish silver ribbon
And removed the azure star-besplattered tissue.
The label of a precious small shop
Did nothing to slow up your pulse,
And the visiting card of your richest friend
Conjured up visions of sixteenth-century figurines,
Bits of unset lapis, and similar costly bibelots.
When further investigation revealed a pasteboard box
Lacquered with a lady of the early Dresden school
And containing three highly hand-decorated boxes of safety-matches tied together with colored ribbon,
Any given cross-section of your cerebration would have tallied neatly
With the average conception of the contents of the reply to Hayne. . . .
Days later, in the dawn after a sleepless night,
A cigarette seemed the only solace for your jangled nerves
And a search of your flat, even to the kitchen stove,
Revealed no agency whereby it might be lighted.
Just as you were thinking of striking two doorstops together
In optimistic imitation of our aboriginal forbears,
You suddenly remembered those three trick boxes lying in the bottom of your closet,
And their value soared above that of the twelve Georgian grog glasses
And Aunt Caroline's most acceptable cheque.
It isn't really the gift.
It's the thought that counts.

—BAIRD LEONARD

• •



CONSTERNATION IN THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE

A defective racquet grip is discovered in the ping-pong window of the Sports Bay

PROFILES

SKYBINDER

SEEING the Chanin brothers' name usually meant getting something in your eye, a piece of sand or ground rock from the construction job beside which the sign was nailed. The same name, with milder associations, confronted you in newspaper items describing real-estate deals. What the name stood for was not clear. Even when the old Manhattan Storage Warehouse was knocked down and the yellow pillar of a new building pushed up in terraces to a flagpole fifty-six stories above Murray Hill a good many people didn't know whether the Chanins were builders or, since the name was well known on Broadway, theatre-owners who had taken up building as a sideline.

Only about a year and a half ago their reputation became familiar to those not immediately concerned with building or real estate. At that time a story was going round about a first mortgage bond issue of six and a half million dollars which a bond house had put out to finance their new building. Because of the size of the sum, and because it was hard, just then, to sell any kind of bonds, preparations were made for a long, elaborate selling campaign; then the books were opened and forty-eight hours later the whole issue had been subscribed. It was a dramatic indication that the public had heard of the Chanins.

The incident is impressive, for one thing, because builders are so rarely recognized. You can think of many architects and decorators who are well known, but the men who conceive the necessity for a building, who later carry out their conception, stay anonymous; the sign is torn off the employment shanty, and the finished skyscraper, its changing shadow in the air, itself takes on a personality as though it were some product of nature, obliterating those who made it. What is unusual about the Chanin's story is that their achievements are visible; a whole city of scattered buildings, a hundred and forty-one of them in New York and Brooklyn, including the Fur Center Building, Thirtieth Street Building, the Hotel Lincoln, the Mansfield, Majestic, Masque, Forty-sixth Street, Biltmore, Royale and Roxy Theatres, and the Chanin Building at Lexington Avenue and Forty-second Street. Many of these are still owned and managed by the Chanin Construction Company, an organization that includes four Chanin brothers: Irwin S. (thirty-six), Henry I. (thirty-three), as equal, controlling partners; Sam (thirty), and Aaron (twenty-six) in minor capacities. Henry, a trained accountant, attends to the business organization; Irwin, the engineer, plans the actual construction. Irwin is the one who makes the plans; he started things in the first place, and the story of the Chanins' rise is really his story.

Irwin S. Chanin

TRYING to find a detail that will tell something about Irwin Chanin, I can only say what has been said of many businessmen: that he has most of the characteristics of a competent artist. That this has been said so often suggests a rule: there is a certain kind of intelligence which, though concerned with making money, is essentially an artist's intelligence, and the work of industrialists who have this kind of brains is often so concentrated that it resembles the work of creating art. But though Irwin Chanin may work and think like an artist, he does not look like one.

He is a small, dark-skinned man whose bald forehead and tight clothes make his face look big in proportion to his body. He wears glasses, the two halves of which are connected by an arching, gold bar; you notice this because his eyes, prominent and intense, underlined with slight shadows, are the most striking feature of his face. When talking about something that interests him he jumps out of his chair and walks around a room, illustrating his ideas with gestures and pantomime; and at such times his speech is full of metaphors borrowed from the building profession. He has a small mustache and wears a ring with a big colored stone. Henry is quieter, better-looking; Sam, and Aaron, who was hurt in the Times Square subway accident last summer, are normal, healthy young Jews. Although they are seen together as a rule only on important family occasions, all four brothers were photographed on the roof of the Chanin Building the day Irwin drove the ceremonial golden rivet that completed the steel frame. I got an idea then what they must have looked like twenty-two years ago, arriving with their parents in Ellis Island from Poltava, Russia.

IT was the second Chanin immigration. The first had taken place some twenty years before that, when Simon Chanin, the father, came to try his luck in Bensonhurst, a suburb of Brooklyn. He had made money as a contractor and after saving ten thousand dollars had gone back to Poltava, a sensible move, since with his capital he could live there like a rich man. Because the kids had been born in America the government school wouldn't take them; they went to a private school where Irwin, praised by his teachers, decided he would be an engineer. Simon Chanin favored the idea. He saw that going home had not been so smart after all. Faraway warnings of the revolution, beginning to be felt in Russia, had made even the best investments shaky; he had lost most of his ten thousand dollars. So in 1907 the Chanins came back to Bensonhurst, where Henry went to a business school and Irwin to Cooper Institute. The war interrupted the jobs they were holding after graduation. In 1919 Henry, who had been wounded directing a machine-gun battery, got a bookkeeping job in Washington; Irwin, who had been in base camps here, went home. As many other young men were doing then, he lived in his father's house and tried to figure out some way to make a living.

During that winter he took stock of

what he could do. He had, he remembered, won three scholarships in Cooper Institute and a special prize for designing a double-track railroad bridge. He had worked for his father on building jobs and later for a subway contractor. More recently, on the government job, he had helped to build a factory for poison-gas near Cleveland, Ohio; here he had been educated to the importance of speed. The major under whom he had worked sent him a telegram offering him a civilian job at a hundred a week. Chanin refused because he thought that somehow he would find a way to make more money himself.

IN spite of the general depression of business at that time, the builders around Bensonhurst were making money buying land and putting up cheap houses on it. The method was to finish the houses outside and let the buyer decide how he wanted the inside. The houses were almost all alike, thin-walled, with new sidewalks, lawns without grass, imitation hardwood panelling. Chanin went with the salesmen who were showing the houses and listened to the criticisms of the customers. He thought of improvements that would make houses of this kind look better and decided that if he could raise the money he would go into the building business himself.

Now came the first step in his rise, a step which at the time it was carried out seemed, and was, an almost impossible feat. Somehow Chanin raised the money to build two houses at ten thousand dollars apiece. The man who owned the lots had been asking a thousand dollars down payment; he let them go for a hundred. A hundred dollars was all the money Chanin had. He borrowed the life-savings of the girl he was engaged to—about three hundred dollars. Friends of his father lent him enough to bring his capital up to a thousand. He borrowed the remaining nineteen thousand from local bankers by showing them the major's telegram and convincing them that if his scheme was a failure he would pay them back in other ways. He started to build the houses. Most of the carpenters and plasterers working for him had cars; he had none and so he rode out to the job every day on a bicycle. He was successful. The artistic details of construction which he had planned with such joy had the effect he had estimated; he sold the houses before they were finished for a six-thousand-dollar profit; a little later he wrote to Washington and asked his brother Henry to come home to look after the office work of his expanding projects.

In the next year the brothers put up twenty houses in Bensonhurst and a forty-tenant apartment house that was immediately rented to capacity. Other builders copied their cottages and went on copying them after the demand had been filled. The Chanins figured these builders would sell out for a loss. A tenant would buy for ten thousand dollars a two-family house that in normal times would cost thirteen or fourteen thousand; he would rent half of it for enough to pay all his expenses. He would tell his friends about his good luck until, by degrees, a new market would be created for the little houses. This was

• •

"What do you have to pay for peas in New York now?"

exactly what happened. The Chanins had traded their apartment house, heavily mortgaged, for rows of two-family houses left unfinished by a discouraged builder. They sold these houses, built garages, stores, markets to go with them, and then decided there was nothing more for them to do in Bensonhurst.

Two ladies from Brooklyn waiting for one lady from East Orange who has the tickets

By this time they had an office in Brooklyn. It was small and dark, the rent was high. The Chanins went to a title company to get financing for an office building. An old friend, one of the title company's vice-presidents, tried to persuade them to give up their foolhardy scheme. Brooklyn didn't need any more office buildings, and if it did, why should they build them? Irwin Chanin called the vice-president's stenographer and dictated a prediction of the profits to be made in office buildings. He said he would come back in a year and have it read, but even eight months later this became unnecessary. By that time the Chanins had started and already sold two buildings, and were beginning to study values in New York.

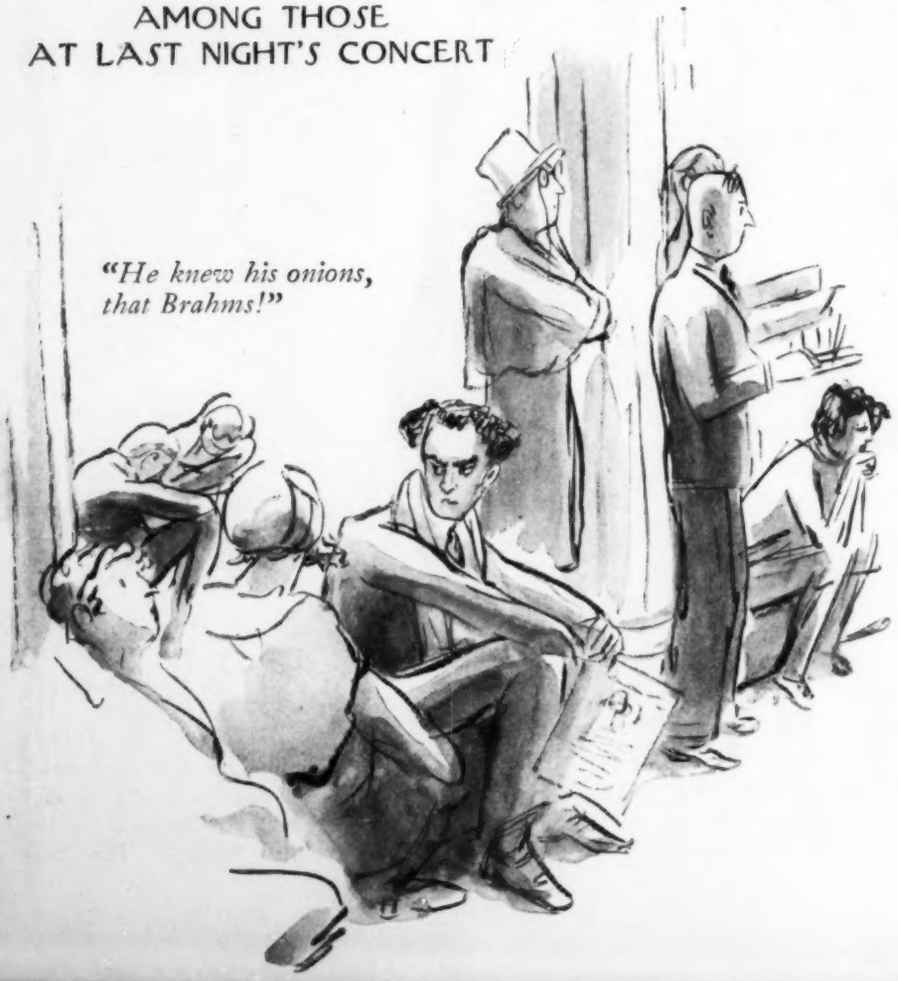
THE Fur Center Building was their first project on this side of the river. They had found that the wholesale fur trade, concentrated in the West Twenties, needed new quarters. Their building, supplying an old demand, made money right away, and Irwin Chanin turned his attention to theatres.

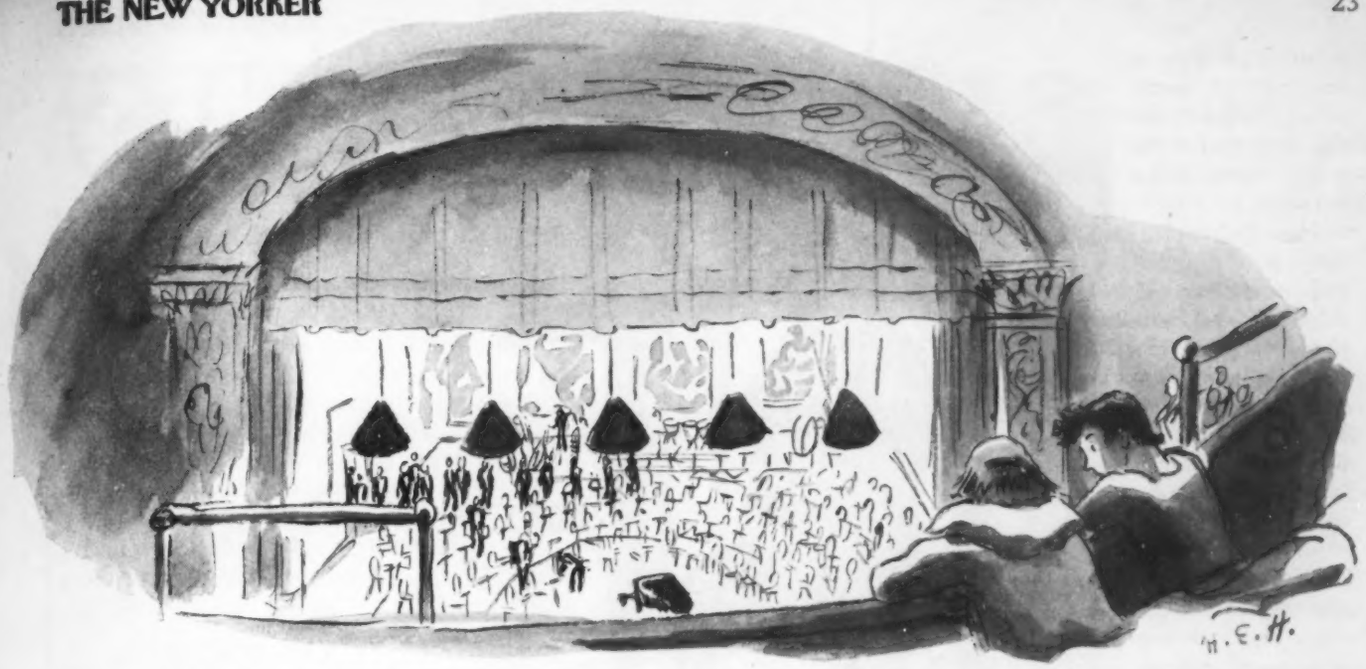
A bright light addict welcomes the quiet

For the past few years he had been using his imagination principally to detect business opportunities. He saw that at that time, unlike the present, there was a need for more theatres. This alone would have been enough to make him build theatres of his own, but he had another inducement as well. His interest in plays, as in most forms of artistic expression, had set him thinking about theatres a long time before. As a boy he had sat in the gallery, going in by a side door. He had always disliked that. In his own theatres everyone would go in by the same door. Building them, he revived the talent for unusual detail that had made him successful in the early days in Bensonhurst; he made the orchestra and balcony seats unusually wide, comfortable, saved space in the entrance foyers, improved the acoustics, and gave the actors better dressing-rooms. He got so interested that he hired David Burton as play director and began backing plays himself. Sometimes he put up all the money; sometimes another producer shared the risk. Before he quit, Chanin lost an amount variously estimated at between twenty-five and thirty thousand dollars.

"PUPPETS OF PASSION," a brilliant success in Europe, was his worst flop as a producer. He made up for it immediately with a new idea bigger than any of his others. Late one night, instead of going home to Brooklyn, the brothers called up six New York hotels to get a room and found they were all full. Here, obviously, was the suggestion for a new investment, and the Chanins put up the thirty-story Hotel Lincoln at Eighth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street.

For some time now, S. W. Straus & Company had been backing almost all the Chanins' ventures in New York. With money in the bank and new confidence in his own ideas, Irwin gave up all pretense of routine and worked night and day on plans, details. He drew pictures himself of the kind of furniture he wanted in the lobby of the Lincoln, sofas and chairs the curves and angles of which represented the roofs and bridges of the city. He designed one frieze to show the shadow of a line of skyscrapers falling across a street, and another the motif of which is the tire of a Mack truck. He had lamps made to look like safes and a fountain like an office building.

AMONG THOSE
AT LAST NIGHT'S CONCERT

"He knew his onions, that Brahms!"



"You know, I never think of them as having a home-life, but I suppose they must have."

He wasn't satisfied with making designs; he sometimes worked even on the material of the decorations, taking the brush out of a painter's hand to show him what he wanted.

Naturally, he isn't precise—no artist-industrialist understands efficiency in its customary sense. Irwin Chanin's activities confuse his employees; his secretary, for instance, cannot make any guess at the time he will give each appointment. With a list of people waiting to see him he may go out with the first one who comes and work with him till midnight. But his organization, too, is one of the things the details of which absorb him; once a year he calls in each of his employees to hear complaints or suggestions.

Walking out on Ludwig van Beethoven

He has made up a set of aphorisms which he frequently quotes. "If you give people the best you can, and don't worry, they will get anxious and come running after you and give you money and everything." "Money is the easiest thing in the world to get. You just have to have ideas and it will come to you—why, it will pour in." Coming from a man well known for his ability to drive a bargain, these statements are, nevertheless, probably sincere. I don't believe he does think first about money, but about ideas for getting money, and his enthusiasm is for the success of the idea to which money is a testimonial.

WITH real-estate holdings worth close to one hundred million dollars, Henry and Irwin Chanin live in a big but unpretentious apartment in an apartment house they own on Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn; their father and mother still live in Bensonhurst. New York would be more convenient for the whole family, but, as one friend suggested, the Chanin partners are afraid people will think they are getting high-hat if they move. In the mornings, Irwin drives across the bridge in his Pierce or his Cadillac or, if he is late, gets into the subway at Atlantic Avenue. He smokes cigarettes, rarely drinks. Married in 1920 to a girl from Bensonhurst, he has three children and a country place in Davenport, Westchester; he plays golf once in a while but likes fishing and swimming better. Every Saturday and Sunday in the summer he goes fishing in Peconic Bay; the rest of the time he works, as usual, eighteen hours a day. He and Henry sign cheques on a joint business account. Each is insured for a million dollars for the benefit of the Chanin Construction Company.

I HAVE left out a lot of facts about Irwin Chanin that are interesting but that fit too neatly into the success stencil. His career is not important because it is so typical of successful careers, but because it is a good portrait of the type of big-businessman who has the talents and impulses of an artist. A story that illustrates best what I mean is one he tells to illustrate something else: how, when the Chanin Building was almost finished, he took two friends, a painter and sculptor, to the roof. He showed them first all the details he prizes so much: the twenty elevator cabs, all different, all made of imported woods usually used only for jewel boxes and violins; the theatre for industrial conferences on the fiftieth floor. When at last they climbed an iron ladder onto the topmost terrace he said nothing, but stood watching their faces while they looked at the view.

"Why, they looked around—you know what you can see? They looked around, like that—they were struck dumb. . . ."

Imitating their expressions, he opens his mouth and eyes wide, lifts his hand. But somehow he manages to suggest not his friends' but rather his own perpetual wonder and excitement at what he has done, the excite-

ment of an artist at an achievement which, its many details forgotten in the whole, seems like a miracle.

Now he has plans made for the biggest building in the world, a hotel with six thousand rooms which will rise somewhere near the middle of town. He won't talk about it until the foundation is laid, a partly superstitious reticence which resembles that of composers and writers who won't talk about what they are working on. Buildings to him are ideas, at once more concrete and more abstract than they are to other people. At first it is hard to see why this is so or to realize the logic of the connection between this active, unsystematic, bald, and high-strung little man and the big, quiet buildings he has made, but after thinking about it for a minute you understand it.

—Niven Busch, Jr.

OUR DISTINGUISHED DOORMEN

The Pirate's Den

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OF ALL THINGS

BYRD explored twelve hundred square miles of Antarctic territory in an airplane. He found them all nicely covered by snow and the *Times*' copyright.

•

A scientist has found a way to get gasoline out of inedible fish. The thing is not commercially profitable as yet, so it will probably be some time before we can have our big fish-oil scandal.

•

The no-parking law should prove to be a good thing for the man who drives his own car to the theatre. Instead of spending his evenings in the stuffy playhouse the husband-chauffeur will be driving about our well-ventilated streets.

•

Henceforth the language heard in the theatre will seem pretty wishy-washy after what the taxi-drivers say about Commissioner Whalen.

•

At any rate, there is always a possibility that the murderer of Rothstein may be arrested for jay-walking.

•

We are told that the Rockefeller-Stewart fight is really a trade war between Standard Oil companies of New Jersey and Indiana. We prefer to think that it is a great moral issue with filling stations as a side dish.

•

Canada does not care to police four thousand miles of border to enforce our rum law. We had hoped that it would at least support the Volstead Act in the style to which it is accustomed.

•

Aimee Semple McPherson has again been sued by somebody for something. This is positively the last time that this item comes under the head of news.

•

Alexander Hamilton has been stolen from the Hall of Fame. This, as we understand it, leaves Andrew Mellon the main headman.

•

The House of Representatives has been struggling with the problem of reforming the calendar, but likely nothing will come of the matter. The calendar ought to be reformed but it is too old.

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Congress also has to decide the question, "What is art?" Judging from this department's social experiences, no two lawmakers will be on speaking terms when the discussion is over.

—Howard Brubaker

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TRAVELOGUE

Now, when Old Winter clamps a vise
Grimly on pavements sheathed in ice,
It's most enjoyable to plan
A trip to Capri or to Cannes,
Yielding to the seductive lures
Of Cook's Incomparable Tours.
How fetching is the green expanse
Of ocean from the Ile de France;
How nice to boast of one's exploits
At bridge, or more athletic quoits.
And you've observed that steamer-chairs
Significantly go in pairs?
Twilight—we choose our lucky star
And toast its promise at the bar,
For Paris beckons . . . I suppose
You're also stopping at Foyot's?

Pilgrim, be warned in time and spin
A magic cloak to travel in,
For it is just as well to be
Wrapped in a little mystery,
Especially if one aspires
To kindle the Romantic Fires.
Why need that Apollonic youth
Know you teach English in Duluth?
Why break a spell and spoil a dream
With souvenirs of Academe!
And he will zealously conceal
His own unguessed Achilles' Heel.
Why need *he* pass around his card
Or take Diplomacy off guard
To tell what he is buying for
That large New York Department Store!
Oh, travel is a piquant way
To cheat the gods of everyday;
And wise indeed are those who go
Protectively incognito.

Next time I plan a jaunt abroad
I hope I prove a better fraud!

—Leslie Nelson Jennings

THE THEATRE

LITTLE HERE BELOW

"Gypsy," by Maxwell Anderson, at the Klaw, succeeds in one fine act in dramatizing two elusive things: the self-hatred of a girl with alley-cat instincts, and her ability for lying to the husband of whom she is fond but to whom she cannot remain faithful. At its close, partly to spare him the misery of a life poisoned with her infidelities, she goes away with her current lover.

Here we have a psychopathic type of woman described, with no lip-smacking whatever, in terms not of the bedroom —which is remarkable in this day of romantic sentimentality toward ladies with her tendency.

Unfortunately, however, that act is merely the second one. Act III shows Ellen trying to make a permanent thing of her affair with the novelist with whom she has eloped—and realizing that she can't. She is so tortured with the realization, that in one acting version she commits suicide, and in another (the one used the opening night) is just about to when a telephone call summons her to run off with another lover instead.

The *aria da capo* of the rest of Ellen's days might better have been left to one's imagination.

The play is called "Gypsy" because that is the nickname given Ellen; she has the gypsy heart, it is explained. It is an inaccurate cast at a title. If gypsies felt the distaste for their wanderings that wracks Ellen, they'd be about as nomadic as the Rocky Mountains. The essence of being a gypsy is to have no conflict between one's heart and one's habits. Ellen is all conflict.

The play is blessed with the natural, sensitive, and often sparkling dialogue which Maxwell Anderson writes when at his best. The characterizations are sure and delicate. The most successful scene, and a very fine one, is that between Ellen and her mother, whom she despises and from whom she has inherited her tendency.

I found Claiborne Foster badly miscast in the title rôle. There is something steadfast and grave about Miss Foster which under-

"STREET SCENE"

These three ladies, and a crime passionnel, help to make Elmer Rice's fine study of tenement life, at the Playhouse, one of this season's most gruelling evenings. The bereaved daughter, Erin O'Brien-Moore; the neighbor (with the dog) who saw it coming all along, Beulah Bondi; the lady in the case, Mary Servoss.

emphasizes the very side of Ellen's character that Mr. Anderson has underwritten. One needs badly to see in her actions some hint of the irresistible desire about which Ellen talks so much. Nor does Donn Cook, as the novelist, suggest the ball of fire he is supposed to represent.

Mary Young, as Ellen's mother, does more satisfactory work and, except for one speech in a forced and stagey voice, is very credible indeed. Wallace Ford, as a young actor, is superb, and Ruth Findlay, as his wife, excellent.

"PRECIOUS," by James Forbes, at the Royale, might make a good stock bill. It isn't funny enough for present Broadway standards and is, moreover, completely lost in that cavernous house.

The play is the story of a bird in a gilded cage, as seen from the point of view of the owner of the gilded cage, who finds that when her beauty was sold for his old-man's gold it was a very poor bargain for him. After a month, Andy Hoyt wants back his peace and comfort a great deal more than he wants a prattling blonde.

Precious, as his wife is called, is dumb, and sweet, but appallingly energetic, and her sister Stella, who maneuvered the match, is a thorn in his side. To solve the problem, Andy and his partner get a handsome young architect and throw him and Precious together until finally they elope, despite the efforts of the desperate Stella.

The character of Precious makes a poor pivot for a farce of this sort. She has all Lorelei's stupidity and none of her shrewdness, which leaves her faintly pathetic. To watch her mental shortcomings played upon is a little like seeing advantage taken of a deformity.

The dialogue nudges and winks at one constantly, and is occasionally funny.

"ZEPPELIN," by McElbert Moore, Earle Crooker, and Lowell Brentano, at the National, is described on the program as a mystery thriller, and proves what nobody has thought of putting to the test for a long time—that even a Drury Lane melodrama is the better for having in it a capable actor.

The three acts take place on board a transatlantic airship, and concern an old scientist who has invented a leprosy-spreading gas as a threat so awful that, with its secret, a committee of scientists would have the power to nip any war in the bud.

Almost everyone on board the Zeppelin has come to get the formula, either for commercial, patriotic, or humanitarian reasons. The authors have, however, taken advantage of one convention of such plays to fool the audience, for a nosey, practical-joke-playing fool turns out to be not a detective, or a crook, but a nosey, practical-joke-playing fool.

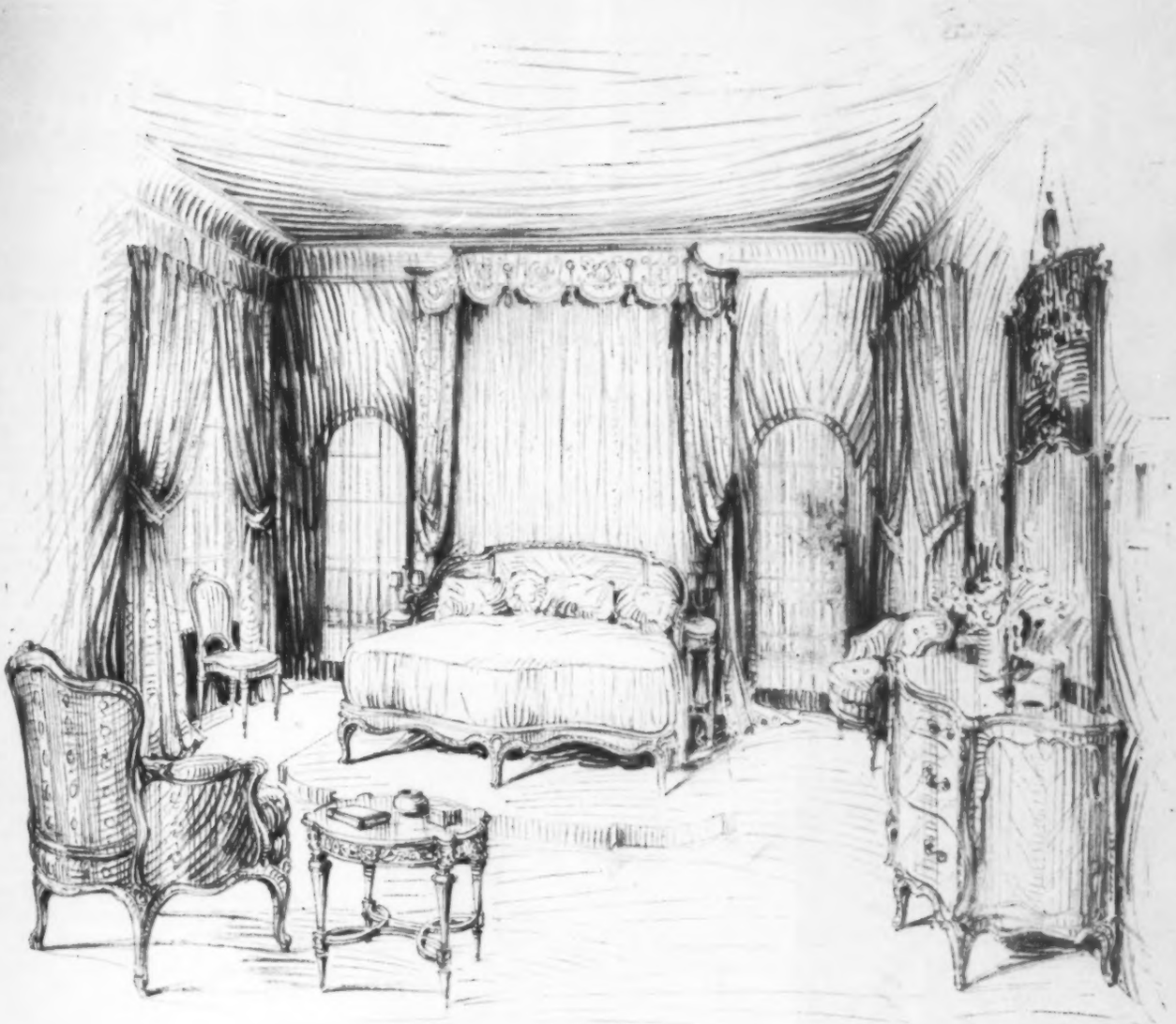
Besides the formula-seekers on the passenger list, there is a stowaway. He is an old laboratory worker of the professor's who has been made a leper in the course of the experiments, and has come along for revenge. About as ridiculously improbable a part as the season has offered, it has been given to that skillful actor, Paul Guilfoyle, and Mr. Guilfoyle manages to scare one into believing it a little. He has developed a line of demoniacal laughs and yowling revelations, to describe which one must resort to the term "grisly."

Also, "Zeppelin" provides some grand, scarey mechanical effects, such as the destruction of the ship when the leper goes berserk and shoots into the gas bag.

The rest of the cast is above average for a play of this kind. The comedy is pretty terrible, and the plot, as is too often the case when three authors get in one another's way, occasionally pauses to play dead, and can be brought to life only by a shrill whistle.

If the probabilities mean anything to you, don't see "Zeppelin," but if you're willing to do without them for a time, and are like the man in the story

"Whoops! I told y' not t' tempt 'im!"



New York Galleries, Inc., Decorators

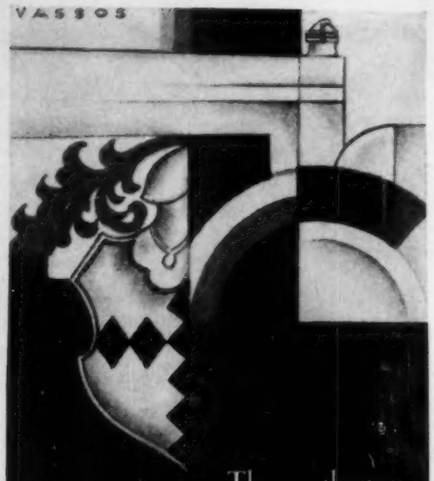
IN the delicacy of its form and decoration, French XVIII Century furniture reveals the attributes of grace and color... the very essence of a well-considered scheme for the sleeping-room and boudoir.

¶ As decorators, we not infrequently develop an entire ensemble around some particularly engaging piece... for instance, the lovely carved and decorated bed in this interior inspired the color as well as the character of the room.

¶ We are prepared to render a service embracing every phase of decoration... co-ordinating in perfect balance and harmony the entire background with the fascinating details of just the right lighting and all the intriguing incidentals.

New York Galleries
INCORPORATED
Madison Avenue, 48th and 49th Streets
CABINETMAKERS DECORATORS ANTIQUARIANS
ARCHITECTURAL REMODELING

© 1929, N.Y.G.



The new theater-going regulations have been received in perfect equanimity by Packard-owning devotees of the drama.

For the new Packard Eights, equipped with Packard's exclusive Shock Absorbing System, negotiate subway-scarred Eighth Avenue or the more hazardous reaches of Park with hardly a tremor.

The Packard Shock Absorbing System assures full comfort and ease of operation under the most trying motoring conditions. Beneath its almost magical double-action, all roads are smooth.

The three new Packard Eights offer the Packard Shock-Absorbing System as part of their standard equipment at no extra cost.

PACKARD

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY of NEW YORK
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Broadway at 61st Street
and Broadway at Sherman Ave.
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Broadway at 106th St.

PACKARD BRONX COMPANY, INC.
696 East Fordham Road
2110 Grand Concourse at 181st St.

Ask the man who owns ONE

who wanted to learn to shiver and shake, it may serve your purpose.

"Ned Wayburn's Gambols," at the Knickerbocker, is very, in fact painfully, like those Junior League shows Ned Wayburn has put on all over the country. There are the same trunk-crumpled costumes, the same feature numbers (the Harem number, the Gypsy number, the Apache number), the same reliance on old song-hits introduced into proceedings by some slender lyric excuse; and on the first night there was, in the orchestra, that same flutter of parents whispering to one another: "Wait till you see Janey in this next costume. She's too cute." For the choruses and some of the minor principals of "Ned Wayburn's Gambols" are recruited from Mr. Wayburn's school.

There are also, of course, some professionals: Fuzzy Knight, that grotesque-faced droll who sings nonsense-songs, drums a tiny piano, and is occasionally moved to call abusive and incomprehensible confidences to some familiar lodged in its small depths; Grace Bowman, from old Shubert revues; and the velvet-throated Libby Holman, who must have to use all her self-control not to laugh at her big disarmament song, "Mothers o' Men."

"Mothers o' Men" is the last number of the first half. As a kind of encore, a lot of girl Zouaves march down a gangplank and do a drill until a glittering figure appears upstage and roars: "I am Mars!" Thereupon all the girls turn and shoot at him, and that, children, is the end of horrid old Mars. Kellogg himself couldn't object.

I wouldn't advise you to attend "Ned Wayburn's Gambols" unless you're a kermis fan.

—Charles Brackett

•

Besides accepting the charge of lighthouse keepers, the sisters have other responsibilities. Five sturdy brothers must be properly trained and educated. The three oldest are now sailors.—*Sunset Magazine.*

Leaving two sturdy brothers to be trained and educated.

•

The Water Tower

THE NEW BAGDAD BUGLE

Vol. III No. 14 Weather: more and more

Fight on Main Street

Such a little thing to bring about such a serious result! J. C. Smithers commented lightly on the flower Rob Wetter was wearing in his buttonhole, "Think you're some sheik," says he lightly. "That girl don't know you well." "And that will be about all from you," retorted Rob Wetter. "I guess it's more respectable to wear a flower a nice girl give you than a scratch on your cheek what a married woman give you." "It's a lie," said J. C. Smithers hotly. "The cat made that there scratch." "Yes, I heard she was a cat," retorted Rob Wetter and the fight began.

Judge Si Crumpet would hear no argument from either for fear of a lady's name becoming involved. After he had fined them he warned them that if "Chuck" O'Rourke heard they had been fighting over his wife he'd knock their heads together and the court would take no cognizance of same.

SAUNTERINGS

Sidney W. Horschair, our popular mayor, attended a banquet in Ye Metropolis, last week. He said he had no headache the next morning because he mixed 'em with Aquazone. Always up-to-date, hey, Sid?

Miss Eloise Arlington Poe has kittens. This makes thirty-two furry darlings within the year.

Doc Billings is busy these days, what with flu and an epidemic of pip among the chickens.

POEM

Wooly poolly kitten cat,
Does u want a nice big rat?
No, no, kittens in all houses
Better far begin on mouses.
Eloise Arlington Poe

Advice to the Loveshorn
by Ima Moron

Dear Miss Moron:—

You know how when the boy friend kisses you you can tell whether he has been true or not, you know you can tell if he has been kissing some other girl. He has. What shall I do?

Little Rosie

Dear Little Rosie:

I do NOT know.

Disgustedly

Ima Moron

DON'T HAVE HEADACHES

—enjoy whatever you've got without a chance of regret the morning after. Just mix it with Aquazone, the only mineral water supercharged with oxygen, always sparkling, delicious. Incomparable as a mixer. Served at all good clubs, restaurants, hotels, inns and road houses. For sale by Macy's, the Busy Bee Stores, the Daniel Reeves Stores, Gristede Brothers and Charles & Company. Sent to you from the nearest place on a call to LEXington 5953

THE AQUAZONE CORPORATION
420 Lexington Ave.

At sixteen Jane Kendall excelled in riding and every sport. "Beauty and the Beast" this portrait with her Great Dane was called.

At seventeen she studied painting in Paris (for she is gifted as she is beautiful)—and prepared for her "coming out" festivities.

At eighteen came her Washington debut in this Lanvin frock. They called her "the prettiest girl that ever entered the White House."

At nineteen her marriage to a distinguished young New Yorker was the outstanding event of the smart Washington season.

"The Prettiest Girl that ever entered the White House"

Mrs. George Grant Mason, Jr.

JANE KENDALL MASON has not long left her teens, but her extraordinary beauty has already made her famous. "The prettiest girl that ever entered the White House" they called her when she made her dazzling debut in Washington. Soon followed her brilliant marriage to a New Yorker of distinguished family.

Clear-cut as a cameo is Mrs. Mason's pale blonde Botticelli beauty. Her purple pansy eyes are dark against her flawless skin, pale as a wood anemone. Gifted and interesting, she is always in demand. From her father's homes in Washington and Maryland to the gay diplomatic circles of Havana where her husband is an important figure, she flits like a butterfly, yet her complexion is ever exquisite.

This perfection of her pale anemone skin she owes to the four simple steps to beauty that so many lovely young moderns follow. "I've used Pond's Creams," she says, "ever since I can remember.

"I dote on them! The Cold Cream is so light and pleasant—leaves the skin really clean and soft. The Vanishing Cream gives such a velvety surface for powder."

Now Mrs. Mason finds Pond's two new products just as delightful.

"The Cleansing Tissues are a luxury," she says. "They remove cold cream perfectly. And the Skin Freshener gives your skin such a lovely glow!"

Mrs. George Grant Mason, Jr., *was Miss Jane Kendall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Kendall of Washington, D. C. Since her brilliant debut her Botticelli beauty has been famous. Her flawless skin is delicate as a wood anemone.*

Pond's Two Creams, Skin Freshener and Cleansing Tissues compose Pond's famous Method, the sure way thousands of young moderns use to keep their skin always lovely.

USE POND'S Cold Cream for cleansing generously several times a day and every night, patting it over face and neck with upward, outward strokes. It soaks into the tiny apertures; softens and loosens the dust and dirt.

With Pond's Cleansing Tissues, firm, ample, light as thistledown, wipe off the cream carrying the dust with it.

Repeat these two steps until the tissues show no soil.

If you are having a daytime cleansing a dash of the exhilarating Skin Freshener will tone and refresh your face. Apply it briskly. See how it livens and braces the complexion.

Lastly, for the correct completion to perfect grooming, apply just a shade of Pond's Vanishing Cream before you powder. It protects the skin, gives it fine-grained texture.

Pond's four simple steps mean beauty.

If it is possible that you have not used Pond's four delightful preparations, mail the coupon for a week's test supply.

Mail the Coupon *with 10¢ for Pond's four preparations.*

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. N
118 Hudson Street, New York City

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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THE WAYWARD PRESS

WORLD EVENTS

PROBABLY fifty per cent of the readers of the *Times*, on opening their dignified compendium of printable news on the morning of January 7, said to themselves, "Who was Tex Rickard?" Probably eighty-five per cent wondered what sudden element of importance and nobility had descended over this man's name that, on the occasion of his death, the *Times* should devote nine whole columns to him, as much as would be devoted to a world statesman or benefactor. A search of the files of the *Times* would reveal no inkling that Mr. Rickard had ever been held in particularly high esteem, either by the public in general or the *Times* editorial staff. In fact, on several occasions, whenever he was mentioned editorially, it was with considerable impatience at his habit of charging exorbitant prices for exhibitions at which nothing could be seen even when it was worth seeing. In the symposium of comments on the passing of the fight-promoter, such as the *Times* is wont to compile when great men die, were found testimonials from such a wide range of celebrities as Jimmie Walker, ex-Governor Smith (who said "I was extremely sorry to hear about it"), James A. Farley, William C. Muldoon, Col. Hammond (of the Madison Square Garden Corporation), William F. Carey (of the same corporation), Col. Jake Ruppert, George M. Cohan, John McE. Bowman, Humbert Fugazy, Police Commissioner Whalen, William Gibson, Leo P. Flynn, Tom McArdle, James J. Johnston and Sammy Goldman (manager of Tony Canzoneri). Many of these probably bought the *Times* for the first time that day. It is possible that many others also bought the *Times* for the last time.

That Tex Rickard's death should have been considered important in sporting circles was quite natural. He had irritated sporting circles for over a decade. A sporting sheet like the *Telegraph*, for example, could have devoted its whole issue to him and not lost its balance. (As a matter of fact, the *Telegraph* gave no more space than the *Times*.) But for morning journals of supposedly general appeal, like the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* (which also spread itself to the extent of nine columns), to behave as if the President of the United States had died, came pretty near to constituting a blot on metropolitan journalism. Even the evening papers and the morning *World*, with their legitimate preoccupation with sporting matters, restrained themselves with more success than the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune*, and the *Graphic* showed a remarkable sense of values in devoting its story to the "Hot Race for Rickard's Job."

WHAT followed was even worse. The sporting writers, with no football heroes to wring their hearts, took charge of the proceedings and for the next few days the papers were as full of badly-written gurry as could be collected in six months of ordinary sport-writing. Hype Igoe in the *World* reported that "because of Rickard's outlook on life," three well-known clergymen of different denominations would be asked to officiate: Father Duffy, Rabbi Wise and Bishop Manning. This ambitious plan evidently fell through, but the funeral services were written up with as much impressiveness as if the Pope himself had come over for the occasion. To Mr. Igoe's way of thinking: "there never was such a gathering." Damon Runyon in the *American* became a veritable Shelley and spoke of "'the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust,'" where he "will hear only the song of the birds in Summer, and the sigh of the wind through the naked trees in Winter, with perhaps an occasional murmur of the distant town borne on some vagrant breeze." Someone on the *Telegraph* who signed himself "M.O'F." introduced an appropriately practical note by beginning his story: "Tex Rickard's last gate was a success," but more sentimental counsels prevailed, and this story did not appear in the late editions. The *Sun*, however, allowed Edwin C. Hill to write the best story of the funeral, with the emphasis on a similar note. "Tex Rickard dead," began Mr. Hill's story, "lying in his magnificent silver-bronze coffin in the very centre of the polished marble floor of Madison Square Garden, was the centre this afternoon, of a spectacle that the living Rickard could never have dreamed of—his Garden crowded with people—boxes and seats filled all around the sweep of the arena—and not a dollar paid into the box office. Only in death could this have happened to the master showman, the twentieth century Barnum, for it was, of course, his funeral."

And, by the way, since so much honor accrues to building a sporting arena, who was the even earlier master-mind who dreamed a great dream and built the *old* Madison Square Garden?

"Justa minute, Spike, Graham McNamee is describin' Anna."

WHAT with the Rickard ceremonials and the Automobile Show,

MEN'S WATCHES

This twentieth century is hardly thirty years old . . . and no man can afford to miss a single minute of it! Time is of vast importance . . . and a man's watch should reflect not only the hour but his good taste. ::: Our watches are modern always in appearance and efficiency. You will find simple ones suitable for everyday use . . . or the most exquisite designs—all from the famous makers of the world . . Gold watches as low as $75.00.

BLACK STARR & FROST

JEWELERS IN NEW YORK FOR 119 YEARS

FIFTH AVE., CORNER 48TH ST. • NEW YORK
PARIS : : : PALM BEACH

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NOW AVAILABLE
FOR THE
PRIVATE CUISINE

Sherry Coffee, Tea and Chocolate . . .
Fresh Caviar, Olive Oil and Sherry Sauces . . .
Butter . . . Vegetables-in-Glass
. . . these and other Sherry specialties
are now obtainable
for the smart private cuisine
in the charming new Sherry building
at Madison Avenue and 62nd Street . . .
which also includes
an Informal Restaurant,
Fountain, and Confections Shop.

Louis Sherry

TABLE DELICACIES SHOP

MADISON AVENUE AND
SIXTY-SECOND STREET

with its attendant padding of the newspapers with trade articles written by local automobile agents, the news has had a pretty tough break. This situation has not been helped any by the *Evening Telegram's* going crusader and whipping itself up into a lather of civic service over the speakeasy situation. For some reasons best known to the *Telegram's* confidential snooping-squad, ten or a dozen of the thousands of speakeasies selling "synthetic booze" (as if anywhere outside of some old vaults under the East River real pre-war Scotch was to be found) were selected and called to the attention of our well-dressed Police Commissioner, with the result that he had to rush around and close them all to the accompaniment of cymbals and brasses. Probably nothing more Gilbertian has been seen in New York for years than the solemn spectacle of the press and the police uniting in a righteous campaign to close "only those speakeasies which sell poison liquor, with no intention of interfering with the legitimate business" of the others who were only violating the Constitution of the United States. Certain ones were to be closed. The rest, the bulwark of our nation's business, were to be allowed to run with the blessing of the Police Commissioner and the *Evening Telegram.*

STIRRED by the fervor of the *Telegram*, the *Post* got up a secret-service squad of its own and followed up to see if the places were really closed. The *World* complimented the *Telegram* and the *Telegram* complimented the *Post* and they all gave each other credit in their news stories and ran pictures of the creases in Commissioner Whalen's trousers. The Commissioner must have been a little surprised and hurt when suddenly the press, after giving him all the commendatory publicity in the world, suddenly turned one morning and editorially accused him of grandstand methods after he had smashed up one or two of these "crime-breeding dens." The whole situation then turned into an open farce whereas before it had been more or less covert. Either the *Telegram* and *Post* must now devote their entire staffs to a constant surveillance of the ground, and Commissioner Whalen must go racing up and down Broadway, saluting and encouraging his men night after night with an occasional glass-crash to keep

Life steps to a new beat . . . there's color, snap and a joyously quickened tempo to the times . . . it's a lively and interesting age in which to live. And here's a new voice for the times . . . as bright and refreshing as the age it reflects:

The MIDWEEK FEATURES SECTION

Tabloid in size . . . printed in color . . . reproduced on fine paper by the Photogravure process . . . generously illustrated in the modern manner . . . smart and timely in text . . . delightfully entertaining in its informal treatment of the interesting things of life.

A Word to the Wise Advertiser

In this new section the shrewd seller of a good product will find an opportunity to meet Chicago's responsive buyers under new and most favorable auspices.

The Midweek Features Section shares the home circulation of The Daily News concentrated in Chicago and its suburbs . . . participates in a prestige that for more than 27 years has made The Daily News Chicago's leading daily advertising medium.

Get in touch with our representatives listed below. Let them tell you how this attractive new medium may be fitted economically into your schedule for 1929.

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ISSUED
EVERY WEDNESDAY
AS A PART OF

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

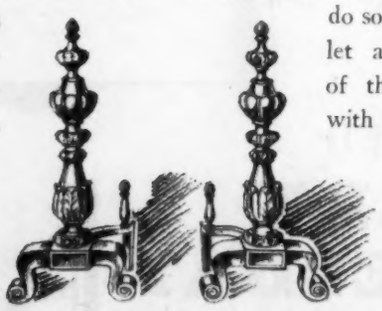
CHICAGO'S HOME NEWSPAPER

Do your Andirons belittle or enlarge upon the beauty of your mantel?

There are many richly appointed rooms, the focal center of which is the hearth. Life centers around it —the cozy gathering, the intimate family circle. How very essential, then, that the harmony and beauty of the hearth be maintained with andirons that are in keeping with the period of the mantel itself.

Here you will find andirons that have earned widespread distinction for decorative beauty. Many are exact replicas of originals which are historically famous and now repose in museums and old world castles. To own, to enjoy andirons such as these is to experience a heightened appreciation of the finer things of life. For over a century we have specialized in the importation of rare, antique marble and stone mantels and in our own shops and foundries have fashioned by hand and cast from iron, brass and bronze appropriate andirons to go with them.

That they are so unusual makes them all the more to be desired. Prices range up to $800 a pair. We invite you to come and see them for yourself. If you are too busy to do so, write for booklet and photographs of those in keeping with your needs.



Georgian Period Andirons in 16th Century Iron and Antique Gold, $165 for the pair. Fire sets and fixtures to match.

WM. H. JACKSON COMPANY

ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR 1827

2 WEST 47TH STREET NEW YORK

318 N. MICHIGAN AVE. CHICAGO

THE OLDEST HOUSE OF ITS KIND IN AMERICA

the public interested, or the citizens will go on drinking synthetic booze and dying like flies, either from liquor or from laughing.

WHILE the *Times* has been busy printing the latest Russell Owen reports from the cricket-fields of the Byrd expedition showing that Loyalty and Cheerio are still in the lead, the *American* has scored a scoop in running General Nobile's explanation of why he allowed himself to be rescued first from the ice-floe. With the "best comic section in American journalism" at its disposal it seems strange that the *American* should run this material in with the news.

THE new *Telegraph*, still continuing to be the most beautiful newspaper in the world, has instituted a Sunday and Wednesday feature called "The Town in Review" written by "Beau Broadway." If "Beau Broadway" isn't Walter Winchell it ought to be, if only to comply with the copyright laws. Only on one day —January 9—was the Winchell touch absent, and on this day a record was set for newspaper accuracy in classical languages. For the first time in any newspaper the phrase "hoi polloi" was used without being preceded by "the."

WE can not close without putting in the records the *Times*' dispatch from the Coolidge New Year's vacation-camp in Georgia contributing to the gems of American wit and humor.

"Mrs. Coolidge showed today that she has quite as keen a sense of humor as the President himself.

"At the time of a ceremony at which the President dedicated an oak on the lawn of the Hotel Cloister, Mr. Coolidge sent for her while she was in the hotel. The messenger was Roy A. Baker, proprietor of the establishment.

"'The President desires you to come to the patio,' Mr. Baker said.

"'Well, I guess I must obey the President until March 4th,' was her reply, with an emphasis on 'the'."

Possibly the catch in this is in the introductory line "quite as keen a sense of humor as the President himself."

—GUY FAWKES

•

HUDSON-ESSEX offer you a fine assortment of used cars to choose from at a drastic reduction, each guaranteed for FIVE DAYS ACTUAL USE.—*The Times.*

Five what you might call golden days.

Don't talk about low prices

We asked a prominent reader of The New Yorker the other day what kind of ads we ought to run in this paper.

He said, "Don't say anything about the fact that a record-breaking volume has enabled you to reduce the price of a Frigidaire $110 on the larger models, because the people who read The New Yorker don't care what a thing costs, and why should they be interested in one point on a hundred shares?"

He said that there were a lot of people who didn't know, even yet, that the New Frigidaires were so quiet that you never hear them start, stop or run.

He said that there were a few people who didn't even know that you could get a Frigidaire in almost any color combination or decorated to harmonize with the color scheme of the kitchen.

He said there were a few who had never seen a Frigidaire Ice Maker, which is a little cabinet that makes 144 ice cubes at a time and stores a couple of hundred more, and also has a drawer where ducks or chickens or steaks can be frozen . . . ready for emergencies.

He said, "Tell them that they ought to have a Frigidaire, not only in the kitchen, but in the library, the game room, and a water cooler in the butler's pantry."

Winston Paul, who is the New York distributor, has a complete line of Frigidaires at his display room at 39 West Forty-fifth, and there is a display room in almost every town where The New Yorker circulates. We also publish a catalog that pictures the complete line of Frigidaire products and will mail one on request. The coupon is for your convenience.

FRIGIDAIRE
PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

WINSTON PAUL,
39 West 45th St., New York.
Please mail the catalog T-9.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

THIS IS THE LOCK that needs no key

Out of your over-crowded brain fly key troubles, when your luggage is equipped with Sesamee — the modern lock that needs no key. For Sesamee locks open swiftly, by a flick of wheels to a secret, self-chosen combination.

Ladies' Overnight Cases **in different leathers and linings, equipped with the Sesamee lock, which is opened by your secret combination — street address, 'phone number, or other easy set of figures. 14 to 16 inch lengths. $16 to $50.**

English Kit Bag **of imported cowhide or pigskin with checked linen lining. Fitted with the Sesamee keyless lock. It is a great convenience to have all your Sesamee-equipped luggage set at the same combination. 18, 20 and 22 inch lengths. $25 to $55.**

DALE

MODERN LUGGAGE WITH THE KEYLESS LOCK

SESAMEE

369 Madison Ave—in the Roosevelt Hotel

A DIETARY DOLE

My master—though my loyalty
Admits (and proves) his royalty—
Seems daft on topics kin to doggy diet:
He thinks a Hieland terrier
(Mysel') should wax the merrier
On puppy bread and vegetables . .
Juist *try* it!

Now back in Caledonia
My ancestors were tonier;
For bones—the gamy shanks o' Hieland cattle—
And flesh comprised their nourishment—
Ochone! Cow-lifters' flourishment,
Braw raids and daily beef are gaffers' prattle!

When visiting, the cursory
Exploring of a nursery
Shows tidbits—limbs of Teddy-bear and dolly;
But should the hostess' progeny
Object—then *vive* misogyny!
To trust the smiles o' womankind is folly!

Anon, I sniff, half-skeptical
Each area receptacle,
Where savours mingle, loathsome with inviting;
But whustles sharp, imperious,
Hint dalliance is serious,
And whisk me from temptation's toils a-skiting!

Awhiles, at Yuletide festival
(As well as picnic aestival)
While Master and his trencher-comrades banter,
Unmarked I posture, slavering,
Till they have done palavering—
Proof positive to me there is no Santa!

And yet, though my gastronomy
Is hedged by grim economy—
The quaint demands of custom, clime, and Master—
I doot lest undue pampering
Might circumscribe my scampering—
Obeseness in a Scottie spells disaster!

—HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

•

Can You Talk About Books with the Rest of Them? Picture yourself in a gathering of "up-to-the-minute" people. Someone mentions Trader Horn or H. L. Mencken. In a twinkling everybody is talking about these much-talked-of writers. What do you do?—*Herald Tribune adv. in the Nation.*

We steal quietly out of the room.

CASNATI compounds preparations for your own skin, and not the average. There is a vast difference.

CASNATI SPEAKS

"The thought that is uppermost in my mind for this, my first of a series of talks, is my never ceasing amazement that women are willing to put one of their most important assets, their faces, under the care of unscientific beauty specialists, when they should be treated by a person definitely qualified to prescribe for their skin—a skin analyst."

♦

LOLA CASNATI, skin analyst, knows whereof she speaks. Her many years experience in her native Italy, in Rumania, and later her association with two of the leading members of the Société de Médecine de France, has taught her the harm that can be wrought through the unskilled treatment of skin and scalp. Fortunately, she learned, too, the good that can be accomplished through methods of science. Since her arrival in New York, Casnati has served a select clientele of the most discriminating women—and men, too. A consultation with Casnati will quickly demonstrate the vast difference between methods employed by a renowned skin analyst such as herself and the casual procedure of the average "beauty specialist."

In its department "On Her Dressing Table" *"VOGUE"* says, in speaking of Casnati: "No problem, however difficult, daunts this specialist. She is different, and she cannot be copied or duplicated. It is not too much to say that she can and does give new skins."

CASNATI—Suite B 75 EAST 55th ST.—NEW YORK
Telephone—Plaza 4077 Office Hours—9-5

YVONNE D'ARLE, *until recently one of the principal young prima donnas of the Metropolitan Opera Company, has for the past year been delighting New Yorkers as Queen Anne of France in* The Three Musketeers *— which gave 311 performances in New York alone. Yvonne D'Arle possesses not only a wonderfully fine voice, but the charm of great personal beauty. She says: "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin beautifully smooth and fine. And that is so important to a girl!"*

MY DEAR, wouldn't it SLAY you! JeROME has been associating with some very Dramatic CRITICS and has developed a perfect PASSION for the THEater—meaning that he is positively adoLEScent on the subject of Yvonne D'ARLE. I mean he actually IS. He thinks she is the most ceLEStial person he ever GLIMMED, and he went to see "THREE MUSKETEERS" so many times that the DOORman thought he OWNED the THEater. So I shall just keep ON using Lux TOILET Soap the way YVONNE and all the OTHER stage luminaries do—because we unTALented maidens simply have to look RAVishing if we are going to acquire a BIGger and BETter eMOtional interest. I mean one really DOES . . .

Yvonne D'Arle is another of the multitude of beautiful actresses who keep their skin lovely and smooth with Lux Toilet Soap. Like 9 out of 10 Hollywood screen stars, they are enthusiastic about this delicately fragrant, white soap.

It was at the request of the actresses that leading theaters throughout the country have placed Lux Toilet Soap in their dressing rooms. Of the 79 legitimate theaters in New York alone, 71 use this delightful soap—and of course you know that in Hollywood all the great film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms. Lux Toilet Soap—10¢.

GRACE AND VITALITY with PLASTIC EXERCISE says Elizabeth Arden

AN announcement from Elizabeth Arden is an event—for it signalizes a new discovery of paramount importance in the science of loveliness. Last year Miss Arden introduced the Vienna Youth Mask—the most modern and extraordinary of treatments for rejuvenation. Combined with the Muscle Strapping and Ardena Firming Treatments, circulation is renewed, the skin is cleared, sallowness and lines disappear.

In the field of exercise, as in all other departments pertaining to personal loveliness, Elizabeth Arden leads the way. Her specially planned exercises are as much a part of the accepted routine of smart women as her famous skin treatments. And now Miss Arden announces that she is adding to her exercises an important modern development—the art of Plastic Movement.

These movements are as definite, as crisply simple, as rhythmic, as all modern expression. Affectations in exercise are as out of date as stilted manners. In this new method which Miss Arden sponsors, you will gain health and beauty in a manner which will satisfy your intelligence, as well as your love of rhythm. A series of beautifully co-ordinated movements, directed to definite ends. Energy is not wasted but capitalized—under intelligent direction—into positive results.

Slim hips, smooth shoulders, proudly lifted necks and slender, willowy bodies are the goal—a goal that you may reach just as surely as you will follow the program Miss Arden personally outlines for you.

Telephone Miss Arden's Salon to discuss the best way of adapting this new technique to your individual requirements. Plaza 5847.

Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at smart shops everywhere.

ELIZABETH ARDEN

673 Fifth Avenue, New York

LONDON BERLIN MADRID ROME PARIS

© Elizabeth Arden, 1929

BOXING

Corbett Remembers—A Drama in the Sticks—The Deserted Class

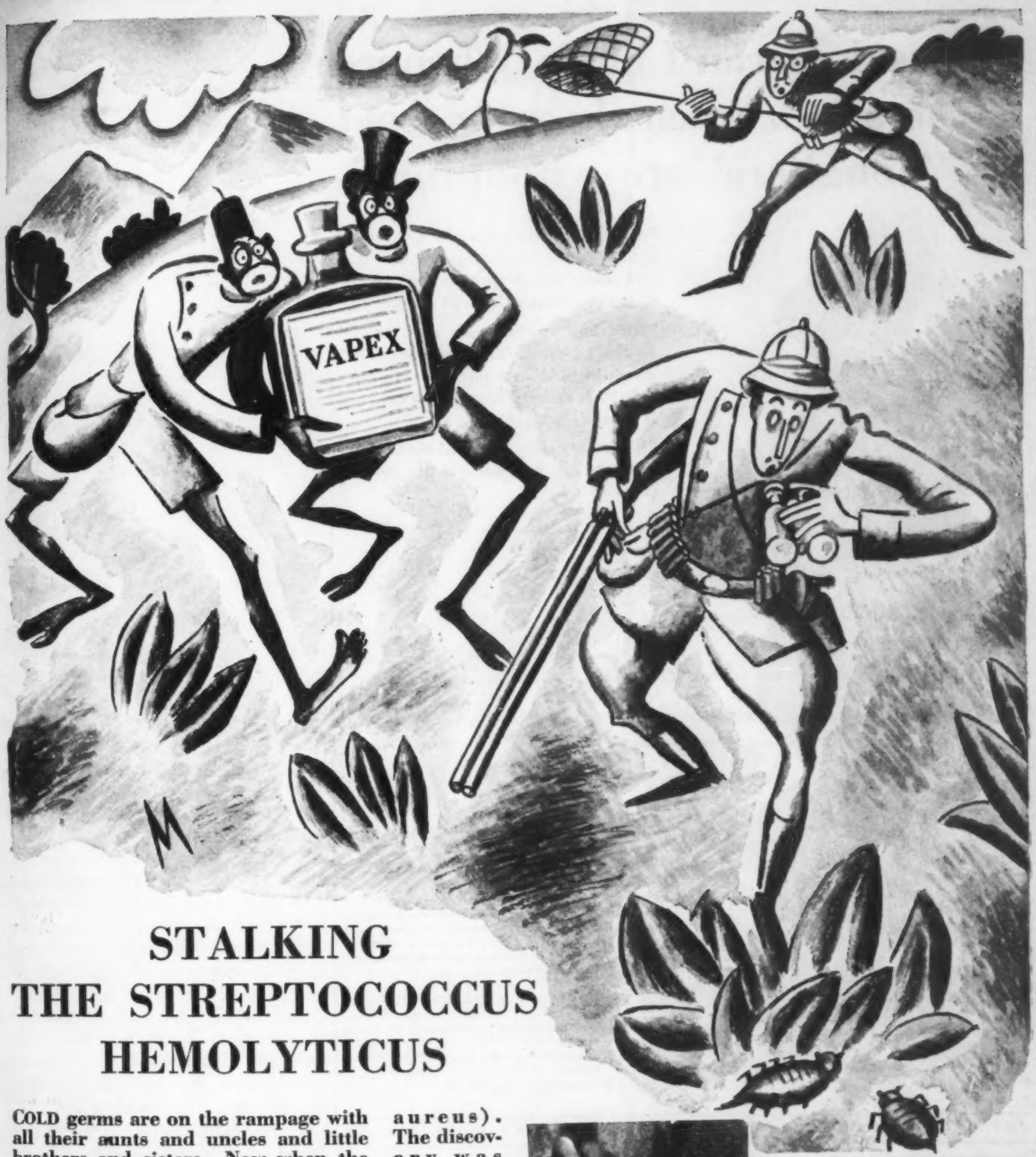
"TAKE good care of yourself," Jack Dempsey wired Sharkey before the Christner fight. He was thinking of what Christner had done to Handsome Knute Hansen just when the Garden matchmakers were trying to make him into a drawing-card. Dempsey takes his position as unofficial advisor to the Madison Square Garden Corporation seriously; his solicitude for Sharkey was the natural feeling of a promoter. Many times Tex Rickard has said to Dempsey: "Take good care of yourself," and now Dempsey passes the phrase along to Sharkey, whose health has never worried him much before.

BEFORE the Lomski-Braddock fight there was a moment when there were only two men in the ring—Joe Humphreys and K. O. Christner, who was waiting to take a bow. Then the principals climbed in and Humphreys introduced Christner, who got a fine hand. Anyone about to fight Sharkey is automatically popular in New York.

How they hate Sharkey! "Knock the big Lith's head off. . . . That hurt him." You know when Sharkey is winning by the stubborn hostile silence that settles over the dark ringside, by the gallery of heads close together under a pall of gloom and smoke. "Boo, Sharkey. . . . To hell with him." Sharkey hasn't done anything in particular to inspire all this dislike. It is a matter of personality. He talks too much. "Sock him. Take him away."

GENTLEMAN JIM CORBETT has been irritated by the publicity for the projected Sharkey-Stribling bout in Miami. The most important bout ever staged in Florida, is it? What about that matter at the Jacksonville Fair Grounds between Charlie Mitchell and a chap called Corbett?

Gentleman Jim has said that if Sharkey and Young Stribling meet, the match will undoubtedly draw a lot of money. It's true that Corbett's endorsements are apt to be taken the other way round, for the old fighter is always



STALKING THE STREPTOCOCCUS HEMOLYTICUS

COLD germs are on the rampage with all their aunts and uncles and little brothers and sisters. Now when the attacking is most severe it is up to us to take a tip from those who discovered one of the greatest modern weapons.

It happened in England during the war. Influenza was raging. But with the epidemic spreading all around them, a few workers in one laboratory of Thos. Kerfoot & Co., Ltd., were immune. Was it due to the materials with which they were working?

Tests were made at once and the chemicals responsible soon isolated. It was found that these materials gave off a vapor that actually killed the germs of common colds (streptococcus hemolyticus, micrococcus aureus). The discovery was widely acclaimed, and a new product, Vapex, was offered for sale.

Vapex is easy and pleasant to use. A drop on a handkerchief—breathe the vapor—instant relief. Vapex will stop a cold at the start.

Get Vapex from your druggist—in the little dollar bottle containing fifty treatments. Vapex is guaranteed and distributed in the United States by E. Fougera & Co., Inc., New York.

Insist upon getting the genuine Vapex in the little square bottle and the package with the green triangle. . . . It may be expensive to experiment with a cold!

"Folks, how can I make Whoopee *up here* . . . when *down in front* the 'coughers' are whooping?"

Eddie Cantor Premier American comedian starring in the glorious new production, "Whoopee."

"Maybe the audience would be grateful if I stepped to the footlights some night and voiced the above protest about the 'coughing chorus' down in front.

"But that wouldn't be kind and it wouldn't be just. The cougher doesn't cough in public on purpose. He can't help it. It embarrasses him as much as it annoys his neighbors.

"What he needs, to avoid that throat tickle, is an introduction to OLD GOLDS."
(SIGNED)
Eddie Cantor

Why not a cough in a carload?

OLD GOLD Cigarettes are blended from HEART-LEAF tobacco, the finest Nature grows. Selected for silkiness and ripeness from the heart of the tobacco plant. Aged and mellowed extra long in a temperature of mid-July sunshine to insure that honey-like smoothness.

• • •

On your Radio... OLD GOLD PAUL WHITEMAN HOUR . . . Paul Whiteman, King of Jazz, and his complete orchestra, will broadcast the OLD GOLD hour every Tuesday, starting Feb. 5, from 9 to 10 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, over entire network of Columbia Broadcasting System.

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eat a chocolate, light an Old Gold . . . and enjoy both!

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If not, why not? Your body can be youthful and slim; your face can glow with a lovely vitality. Miss Dork's personal supervision insures lasting results.

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FACE-LIFTING WITHOUT SURGERY

Marjorie Dork

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(Ask for Booklet "N")

ready to put in a word for an unknown newcomer or a shaky project. Life has left him, at sixty-two, an optimist. People point him out in Broadway restaurants—Gentleman Jim Corbett, the big man with the carnation. No gray in his hair yet, a zest for everything, and still alert in his own affairs, touring the country to appear in vaudeville.

INTEREST in Sharkey's bid for the title brings up once more the question of whether Dempsey really fouled him or not just before knocking him out two years ago. In the Photomaton Studio in Broadway about Forty-ninth Street, a nickel movie shows what happened pretty clearly, but though I ran it over several times I couldn't see the punch Sharkey complained of. They are in a clinch. Sharkey steps out, looks at the referee. As he turns, Dempsey floors him with a left.

It was a stupid fight to watch, even in a movie; infighting is seldom entertaining. Stribling fights the same way, at least he used to. His favorite trick was to relax in a clinch until the other fellow let go—and then sock him. There was no class to Stribling the last time he fought here, and one is forced to doubt whether he can have improved as much as he is supposed to. What makes Stribling a contender? Well, there has to be someone, since Christner put Hansen away.

A FELLOW who has fought in the sticks as long as Christner seldom gets into the big money by a single, decisive move. Christner's success was certainly dramatic. It was the romance that has been the plot of numerous cinemas and short stories about boxing—a famous fighter, being groomed as heavyweight challenger, goes out of town to get some exercise fighting a local boy. He plans to let him stay for a while to satisfy the crowd, then knock him out.

The famous fighter has not been working much lately. He is confident and highstrung, eager to get going. Weighing in the day before the bout, he meets his little-known opponent—Christner by name; no kid, but a man in his thirties, nearly bald, with thick features showing traces of punishment. Hansen, the big shot, is cordial—yes indeed, he will shake hands with this Christner for the photographers. He feels the thickness and weight of the other's palm and knuckles and remembers hearing that Christner used to work in a rubber factory, or something of the sort.

In the story or the movie the wife and seven children of the local fighter, worried about the mortgage on their house, are at the ringside, but as far as I know the Hansen-Christner bout had no such witnesses. The dénouement was simple, for Christner walked into Hansen and cut him to pieces.

LIKE Stribling, who becomes a heavyweight challenger through no fault of his own, Lomski will soon be light-heavyweight champion of the world, merely because several other good light-heavies, including Champion Tommy Loughran, have deserted their class. Jimmy Slattery and Jack Delaney have both put on weight, and Jimmy Braddock will be in the big class within six months at the most. There is plenty of room for weight on Braddock's big frame; his coolness and his hard right-hand punch will make him more dangerous as a heavyweight than either Delaney or Slattery, who are natural light-heavies and not particularly sturdy ones at that.

The only trouble with Braddock is that his coolness, which is instinctive and muscular, is no testimonial to his brains. He has a good right and keeps it cocked all the time; he can't do much with his left. He had several inches of reach on Lomski, but instead of throwing jabs at the Pole, as Loughran did so successfully after two knockdowns in the first round, Braddock countered and backed away. He put his hope on landing one right that would make Lomski into the kind of floundering, paralyzed animal that Tuffy Griffiths became when he hit him; he kept trying to find the place with his right, but telegraphed it every time.

As light-heavyweight champion, Lomski should last quite a while. He has already fought most of the seasoned battlers in his class, and the inexperienced ones can't hurt him; he knows how to catch a left and keep it clamped under his arm while he whales at the body with his right. Perhaps the fear of this trick was what made Braddock back off so warily, or perhaps it was the plain force of Lomski's attack, launched with a skipping, rolling motion of his thick legs. When Lomski gets angry, his snarl, narrow eyes, and round head make him look like a cat. Champion or not, this Polack is one of the most competent and colorful figures of the present generation of fighters.

—N. B., Jr.

THEY MIGHT NEVER HAVE KNOWN...

Ever so slightly the chair of the hostess squeaks. Into the library for coffee. Comfortable chairs. Music as inconspicuous as the hangings . . . and as perfectly harmonious. The silver coffee service. Dresden cups filled with rich, mellow coffee.

And then, as if inspiration had been wheeled in with the coffee, the conversation takes on verve . . . begins to go somewhere with brilliance and decision. What hearable people these are, after all! But for the coffee, one might never have known. Interesting. Amusing. Sparkling.

Thanks to

Beech-Nut Coffee

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YOU can grin. There's every reason in the world to feel satisfied with yourself, if your face reflects the sunny cleanliness of a Squibb shave. Smooth and ruddy and downright comfortable.

That's Squibb's Shaving Cream. Everything a *good* shaving cream should be. No wonder. The House of Squibb blended for four years before they could pack enough mellowness and comfort into a tube to make it meet the high standard of their other products.

Just as a hint, start tomorrow to practice that ear-to-ear shaving perfection. People notice it. All druggists carry Squibb Products. Shaving Cream is 40c for a walloping big tube.

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A SHAVING CREAM BY SQUIBB

COURT GAMES

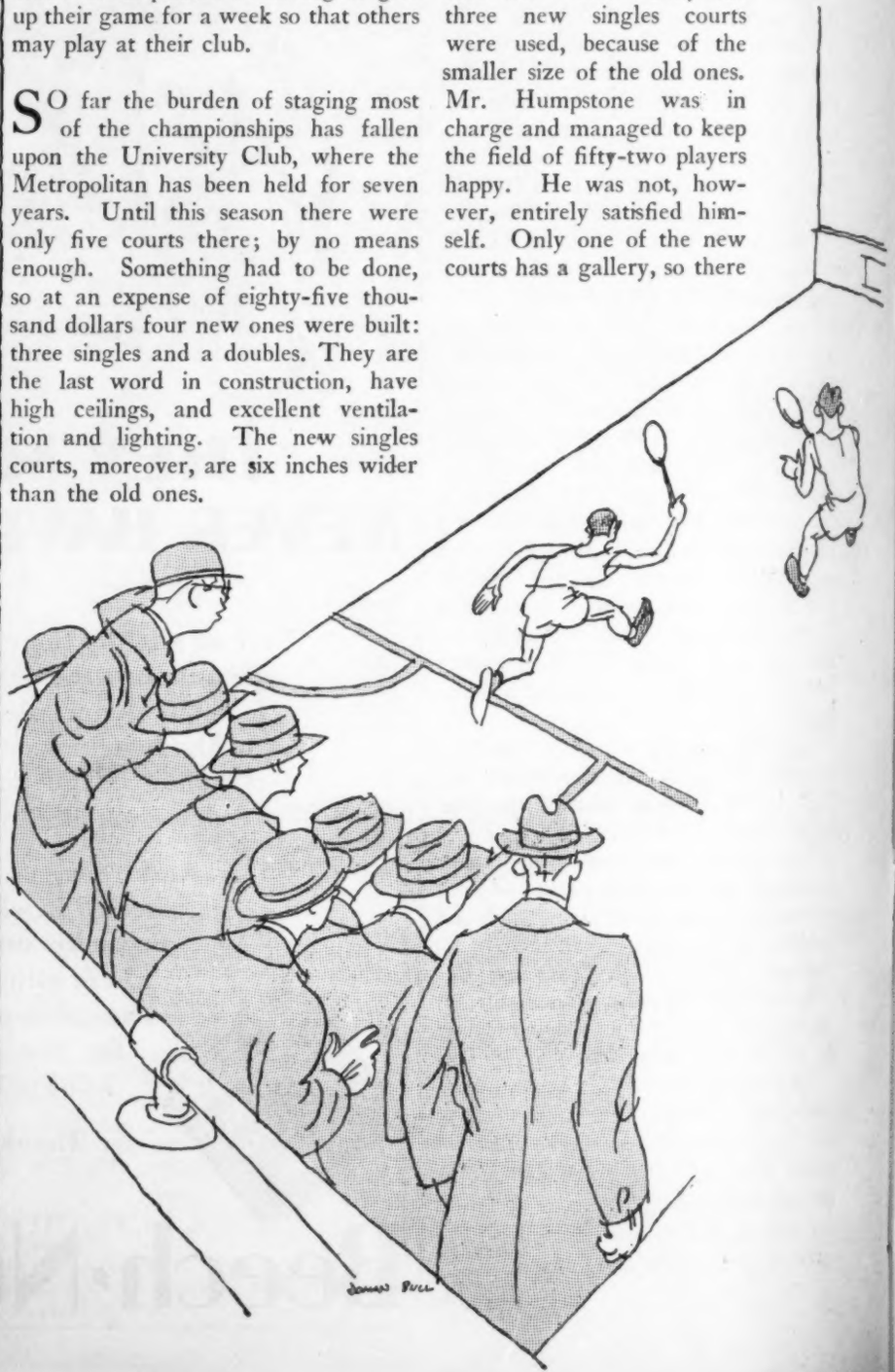
Mutterings in the Ranks—A Club to the Rescue—Permanent Champion

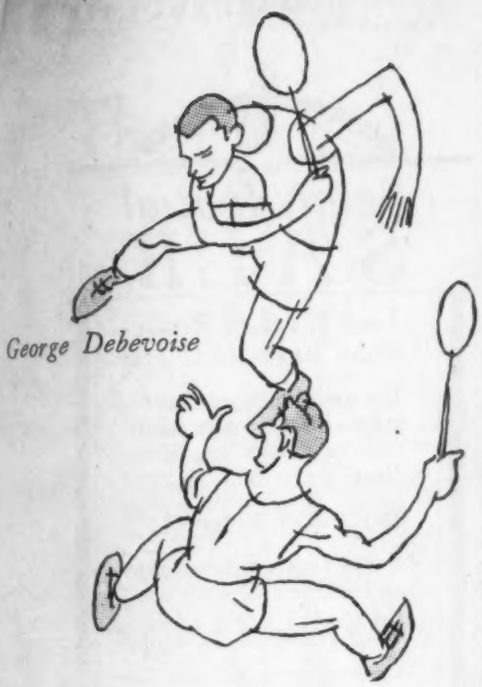
SQUASH RACQUETS is really just in its infancy, but a lusty infant it is proving to be. Though new courts are being built constantly, so far there have never been enough to accommodate the mounting list of players who have taken up the sport. In fact, the demand for courts is now so insistent that it has become no easy matter to find a place where the championships can be held. The tournament players don't mind, for by competing they get a court automatically, but the ordinary members aren't at all pleased at having to give up their game for a week so that others may play at their club.

SO far the burden of staging most of the championships has fallen upon the University Club, where the Metropolitan has been held for seven years. Until this season there were only five courts there; by no means enough. Something had to be done, so at an expense of eighty-five thousand dollars four new ones were built: three singles and a doubles. They are the last word in construction, have high ceilings, and excellent ventilation and lighting. The new singles courts, moreover, are six inches wider than the old ones.

In addition to the four courts, a lounge has been built on the roof of the building—an attractively decorated room, four times the size of its predecessor, that is rapidly becoming the squash-racquets rendezvous of the town. As a result, George Cummings, the professional, will soon play much the same rôle in squash racquets here that Punch Fairs did in English court tennis some years ago.

IT was at the University Club that the Metropolitan championship was held last week. Only the three new singles courts were used, because of the smaller size of the old ones. Mr. Humpstone was in charge and managed to keep the field of fifty-two players happy. He was not, however, entirely satisfied himself. Only one of the new courts has a gallery, so there





George Debevoise

Herbert Rawlins

were a number of good matches that could be seen only through the peep-windows in the doors. Undoubtedly this oversight in the design will be taken care of in time.

THE success of Herbert N. Rawlins, Jr., of the Racquet and Tennis Club, in winning the tournament was scarcely a surprise. He won the title last year and he is the national champion as well, so though he had just returned from England, and though there were a half dozen other players who had to be reckoned with seriously, he was naturally the favorite.

The first serious test for the champion came in his match with Philip Keenan of the Montclair Athletic Club. Keenan has a dangerous forehand and drop shot. Rawlins, however, did not play under Harry Cowles at Harvard for nothing. He had an antidote to Keenan's forehand that stamped him as a strategist of the first order. He kept the ball on the Jersey man's backhand, and kept it there with a high soft stroke, almost a lob, that dropped into the back left-hand corner regularly—and often dead. Keenan did not seem to know what was happening to him. His return, when it did not land in the tin as he tried for a corner drop, was invariably to his opponent's forehand, and Rawlins consequently kept sending the ball back to the same spot.

So the champion won in three games, and he did it almost without any effort by letting his opponent beat himself. It was only in the third

This Month's

1929 MARLBORO *DISTINGUISHED HANDWRITING CONTEST*

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11th to 25th Prizes—Special library gift carton of one hundred Marlboro Cigarettes.

Here is the first prize winner of the 1928 contest. Is your handwriting more distinguished?

Marlboro—A Cigarette for Those Who Can Afford 20¢ for the Best

ALL you have to do is to copy the above sentence (Marlboro—A Cigarette For Those Who Can Afford 20c For The Best) in ink in your own handwriting and send it to address below. Don't put it off! It costs nothing to enter this contest.

This month's Marlboro contest closes March 31st. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. The judges will be: Mme. Nadya Olyanova, Graphologist; K. M. Goode, Writer and Psychologist; George Bucher, Art Director; R. M. Ellis, President, Philip Morris & Co. Reproductions of especially distinguished handwritings will be shown in leading society magazines.

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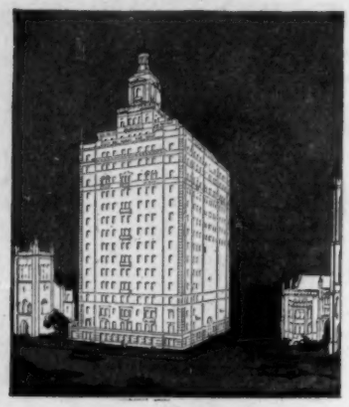

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The site of 40 Fifth Avenue is one of those rare corners where complete sunshine and light protection on all sides is assured, for it is surrounded by church property. The attractively arranged apartments are being offered on a sound, cooperative plan that assures economy — and the location is highly convenient.

The advance demand and widespread interest the project has caused foreshadows overwhelming success and suggests early consideration.

The apartments of 4, 5, 6 and 7 spacious rooms have ample baths and closets, some with glass enclosed loggias and all with woodburning fireplaces, mechanical refrigeration and other desirable features.

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that Keenan rid himself of his obsession for finding the telltale and carried the game to extra points.

IN the final, Rawlins came up against Larry Pool, captain of last year's Harvard varsity, an opponent without any such weakness as Keenan had. On the contrary, Pool had as much force in his backhand as in his forehand, both of them stunning, low shots that flirted with the telltale. It took more aggressive tactics to cope with a player who had smothered George Debevoise 15–4 in the first game. It took daring and strategy, for speed alone would not have been sufficient.

So the champion adapted his game to the situation; played his shots alternately high and low to draw an occasional error into the tin; used a slow-down corner shot to the left wall with marvellous control; and, above all, kept his head about him and never let himself be hurried during the furious cannonading from his opponent's racquet. The coolness and experience of a champion played a big part in Rawlins' victory; without them he would have been lost. As it was, he barely managed to come through by two points, in a fifth game that had the gallery holding its breath while Pool staged a last mad rally from 10–14 to 13–14.

SEEN AND HEARD ABOUT THE COURTS: Lathrop Haskins, No. 3 on the Harvard Club squash-racquets team, is the Class C squash-tennis champion of his club. . . . Tom Coward and Otis Guernsey, former squash-tennis stars, are playing hard racquets. . . . William Rand and Hewitt Morgan are devoting their spare time to court tennis. . . . Palmer Dixon is playing hard racquets and showing considerable improvement over last year. . . . The Class B league tournament in squash racquets was started to stimulate still more interest in the game, and so keep it ahead of its rival. —A. D.

•

Radiant sun and sparkling snow ushered in the fifteenth, and justly so, for this was Clarence and Iola's wedding day. When young people have trod the paths of righteousness and decorum it is fitting and deserved that the one day of their life should be without a cloud and with promising horizon.—*Patterson (N. Y.) News.*

Fitting, deserved, and just about a fifty-fifty chance of rain.

Semi-Annual
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Last Week of Reductions Ends Jan. 31st

Unusual Savings on famous Banks tailored-to-measure clothes. Suits that were $53 to $75
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Suits ready-for-wear at reductions of
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POLAND WATER

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THERE'S more than one reason why girls walk home. There's more than one bachelor who wouldn't have to stay that way if only some one would tell him about Sir Walter Raleigh. Oh well, for that matter, *we'll* tell him. It's milder, men, a lot milder, and it will do a lot to make that strong old briar of yours fit to enter decent company.

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If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send *you* without charge a full-size tin of this *milder* pipe mixture.
Dept. 147, Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corporation
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B&W PRODUCT

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's *milder*

THE ART GALLERIES

Freaks and Futures

FROM now on these are full days for the galleries. At this time of the year those who rent their rooms to exhibitors cut down the time limits to two weeks, promptly hustling their guests out.

The first of the month will bring a gala Russian affair to the Grand Central Palace—The Russian Art and Handicraft Exposition—that promises the latest in Soviet art. Henry Billings will have a full one-man show at Daniel. Stieglitz is getting ready for his third exhibition—of Georgia O'Keeffe or Charles Demuth. Durand-Ruel promises a show of Boudin. Valentine will exhibit that group of Frenchmen which was at its gayest during the period just before the war—the Cubists. Many of them have now graduated to more solid work. The fourth Opportunity show of youngsters will be at the Art Center.

J. B. NEUMANN, who used to spend his days in solitude at the top of a building in West Fifty-seventh Street, has taken his Art Circle across the Avenue to No. 9 East. The new stand is more approachable—it has an electric elevator—and we wish Mr. Neumann luck. His opening exhibit is a stirring show of the small things with which modest collectors like to round out their rosters of the great. It contains notes and sketches by such as Delacroix, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Guys, Rowlandson, Breughel, Rembrandt. There is also a collection of rare woodcuts dating from the fifteenth century, and some beautiful illuminations by the early monks. The modern pieces are by Matisse and some of Mr. Neumann's protégés. Among the latter we liked the bits by Max Weber, and one or two things by Gussow.

PAUL BURLIN, a prolific artist, apparently feels that his work has reached that stage at which he can swing a retrospective exhibit. It is being held at De Hauke's gallery, and we found it more carefully edited than any of the other shows put on by this painter. Although there are some canvases dated 1918, most of them were painted during the last three years. His

in our Kitchen

There it lay on the kitchen table—a very large, elaborate gold-plated can-opener!

"What is this", we thundered. "Have our orders been disobeyed?"

"Mais, non, Monsieur", stammered the Chef. "All our vegetables and fruits are straight from the garden. That object—it was a present from my wife, and I could not hurt her feelings."

"All is well, then", we smiled at him. The Chef blushed happily.

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Matisse period is represented by only one. A few of the early things, Derain-like landscapes worked out in clear greens, we thought creditable. The rest we thought ill-considered and too messy for serious contemplation. They are stunty and smeared and make a pretense to profundity; we found only confusion.

AT the Arden Gallery overmantel-pieces are on view for anybody who may need some. We liked a delightful fireplace designed by the Delehanty family—with a beautiful and idealized portrait by Frances to fit a chaste design by her brother Bradley. Others were by Richard H. Dana, Jr., E. Clarence Dean, William Lescaze, and Mott Schmidt to fit overmantels by Lauren Ford and Georgiana Brown Harbeson.

THE New Gallery ended with the retirement of Mr. George Hellman, who decided to go in for Letters, and the premises then became the Guarino Galleries. We suspect, however, that Mr. Hellman's spirit still hovers in the corners; much of his technique is apparent in the ballyhooing of the exhibits. The present one is of Depero, labelled "Dynamic Modernist." We can best describe the work by saying it is very like those things a bright girl is designing for department-store windows. Little pieces of felt are cut out and sewed together, and there you have great big pennants depicting trains of cars, mandolin players, and motorcyclists. Unfortunately, they are much too large for the backs of Fords.

FRED WAGNER, at the gallery of Helen Hackett, has not been edited with any great skill or kindness. About everything he has ever done is being shown—for which he should be sorry. The seventeen paintings on view indicate as many influences, ranging from fair Rockwell Kent to poor Academy, with a stop at Prendergast and John Noble. It is difficult to see how any man painting today could be so confined within Academy walls as to miss, as much as Wagner has, the uproar and color of the passing pageant.

KRAUSHAAR is holding an excellent show of water-color sketches by Rodin. These were undoubtedly used by the sculptor as notes, and therefore are of interest to the collector.

BERTRAM HARTMAN is having his annual show at the Montross Gal-

leries. It is a full one of some twenty-six paintings, and includes a roomfull of drawings and lesser things. Evidently he has not yet come to a rest, for he has been painting fluently, and with a gusto that is commendable. Of this group, his "Mark Island" is the cleanest statement, and the best-arranged. Some of the flower pieces show a nice decorative sense.

ANGEL ZARRAGA is on view at the Wildenstein Galleries. We believe that this painter is a Mexican who has spent a good many years in Italy and France. His work is a curious blend of Salon and—just a little touch—of Rivera. Such painting is not so rare abroad, where the mural style predominates, as it is here where so many shows are merely of easel pictures.

FREDERICK KEPPEL & Co. is holding a fine show of prints by Delacroix, Daumier, Cézanne, Matisse, Gauguin, Pissarro, and Laurencin. . . . The G. R. D. Studios has the works of Crooks, Lawson, Rosenthal, and Weinrich—all women. . . . Howard Young shows the paintings of J. Barry Greene, lately returned from Paris. . . . Cecil Beaton entertains his clientele with photographs and paintings of duchesses at the studios of Elsie de Wolfe. . . . The woodcuts and water colors of Edward A. Wilson, book illustrator, will be at the Barbizon Library for a fortnight. . . . A new gallery, The Fifteen, has been started at 7 East Forty-eighth Street. . . . Paintings and etchings by Ten Eyck will be on view at the Morton Galleries. . . . The Brooklyn Museum will show water colors, pastels, and drawings by European and American artists. . . . The Kew Galleries have a show of contemporary etchings. . . . New York University has planned for an extensive course in modern art under the direction of Leo Katz, of Vienna. . . . Simka Simkhovitch will have his paintings at the galleries of Marie Sterner until February 1. . . . Weyhe has a show of the drawings and illustrations of Klitgaard, a roving sailor who has a fine naïve touch. . . . Dudley Murphy and portraits by William James can be seen at Macbeth. —M. P.

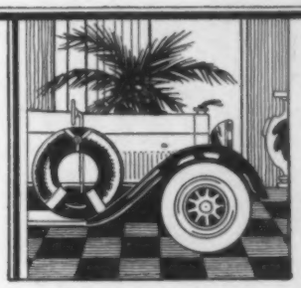
•

NOTICE—My boat is ashore. She's at Snow's for the winter. So will now devote my time to dentistry. New office directly across the street, over Lamb's Cleaning and Dyeing Establishment. Dr. J. H. Damon.—*Rockland (Me.) Courier Gazette.*

Home is the sailor.

HERE

1760 BROADWAY



distinctive

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Brunn . . . Dietrich . . . LeBaron . . . Willoughby . . . Holbrook . . . Locke, the world's foremost body builders, are contributors to the exhibition of Lincoln models now on display in our permanent salon at 1760 Broadway.

The consummate artistry of these designers combines with the distinguished excellence of the Lincoln to achieve motor cars of surpassing fineness. They may be inspected with leisurely comfort in our commodious salon — with the confidence that the one which receives your final preference will be a motor car of outstanding distinction.

Your pride and pleasure in Lincoln ownership will be further enhanced by the Luce-Lincoln Service which you will find at all times gratifyingly complete and courteous.

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there is so much more quality in a martin and martin shoe than in a medium grade shoe that the difference in price becomes insignificant.
using the finest leathers of the world – masters fashion them into models of conservative smartness.
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BOOTMAKERS
693 Fifth Avenue, New York
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Exhibits in all principal cities.

"Why, you little insect, you know what I'd like to do to you?"
"Yeh, I know. But ya can't—'cause I've hidden the Flit."

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The perfume of the future-ultra smart and modern-is obtainable at the better stores
Send for free sachet samples
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SPANISH DINNER $2.00
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DANCING 'TIL TWO
WASHINGTON SQ. SOUTH on SULLIVAN ST.

NUIT BLANCHE

THE first faint twinge and the determination to ignore it. The dull, persistent ache which refuses to be ignored. The throbbing and the decision that it is all probably a matter of nerves but that you had better turn on the light.

The novel with a heroine whose teeth are a mouthful of pearls. The magazine which is supported almost exclusively by manufacturers of dental supplies. The danger line. Four out of every five have it. A clean tooth never decays.

The search for iodine. The search for oil of cloves. The application of both remedies and the instant of blessed relief when nothing is wrong except that the inside of your mouth is badly blistered. The determination to get to sleep quickly before the aching starts again.

The reflection that iodine is a deadly poison and that you certainly swallowed quite a lot. The question as to whether the antidote is white of egg or mustard and water. The awakening twinge. The persistent throbbing. The realization you are back where you started except that the purest spring water now tastes like concentrated oil of cloves.

THE hour spent pacing your room wondering whether you'd be justified in calling a dentist in the middle of the night.

The hour spent pacing the hall listening to the sleeping family and thinking that even if they knew they wouldn't care or understand. The clicking of your heels on the bare floor in forlorn hope that somebody will hear you and at least offer to get a hot-water bottle. The placid uninterrupted snoring.

The hour spent lying in bed reflecting that first your teeth will go and then your eyes will fail and then you'll get rheumatism and that this is the beginning of the end. The memory of college-hygiene charts proving that if you don't have your teeth pulled you'll die of heart disease and acute arthritis. Also the charts proving that if you do have them pulled you'll die of chronic indigestion. The ghastly futility of it all.

THE careful inspection of your teeth with the aid of the mirror in your powder compact. The peculiarly disagreeable flavor of Coty's L'Origan when simultaneously swallowed and inhaled, mixed with oil of

cloves. The conclusion that it is the large molar on the lower right side and that they'll never get it out unless they break your jaw.

The poignant picture of yourself with your jaw in a sling, sipping liquids through a straw. The thought of blood-poisoning. The thought of tetanus. The bitter thought that there are people who laugh at a tooth-ache.

The determination to give M. Coué a fair trial, which he does not deserve. The attempt at thought-healing which is unsuccessful. The last book on your table which happens to be about a girl who, having murdered her father by pushing him downstairs, proceeds to go raving mad. The thought that life is like that and we might as well face it.

The unpleasant gray light at your window. The coarse cheeriness of the early birds yelping for worms. The rather complacent feeling that you haven't slept all night, followed immediately by the realization that you're not sure whether your tooth is still aching or not but that you couldn't keep awake now for anything short of an amputation.

The last moment of exquisite, drowsy consciousness that your teeth feel perfectly normal but that you really must make an appointment with the dentist some day next week.

—ALICE FRANKFORTER

•

AMERICAN ALMANACH DE GOTHA

LISTING THE MOST RECENTLY CORONETTED QUEENS

Dorothy Deerhorn of Cherokee, Iowa, crowned Queen of National Hosiery Exposition, on account of perfect legs.

Lita Korbe of New York, crowned Queen of Radio for 1928, on account of writing prize essay.

Raquel Torres of Mexico City, crowned Queen of Grape Harvest of California, on account of general beauty.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

•

WASHINGTON HOTEL, Cartagena, Colombia. Located in Commercial Center. Modern new addition. Electric Fans and Spring Beds. Tin of Flit and Sprayer in each Room.—*Advertising card.*

Can our Commodore, our Plaza, our St. Regis, say as much?

Let Us Buy You Sixteen Days of Skin Loveliness

CLAIMS—we won't make them! But know for yourself the radiant clearness Ambrosia brings to the skin. Return the coupon. We will send you at once our Pocket Flacon of Ambrosia free—enough for sixteen days of loveliness.

Give up soap and water for sixteen days. Give up cold cream. Cleanse your skin with delicious liquid Ambrosia. Just pat it on with cotton and *feel* Ambrosia cleansing the pores. New color comes to your cheeks. Tired lines disappear. You feel relaxed, refreshed, young!

Stroke your face upward till dry. No grease to get in your hair. Nothing to wipe away. You can refresh your complexion wherever you happen to be—in the train, in town, in your motor, at home.

Give Ambrosia sixteen days of constant use. It will mean a golden convenience—a radiant new loveliness for you.

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Sunlit, liquid Ambrosia—the unique flat-backed bottle, perfectly shaped to the hand. At all the finer drug and department stores.

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114 Fifth Avenue, New York City

For me a Pocket Flacon free.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

A SHOP with what amounts to a genius for buying Paris models that have not a copied-by-the-thousand look is Chez Ninon. Furthermore, it makes up its models in the most heavenly fabrics and colors imaginable; so your last excuse for looking like everybody else is shattered to bits. The samples you have to choose from, particularly the printed crêpes and chiffons, are enough to drive any but the most decisive woman plumb crazy. At this place I took back without a murmur all them harsh words about the banality of printed-chiffon evening dresses. If you want one that will look really distinctive and new, I advise your jumping into a taxi and going there for it. One extreme print that merits reporting is a suit by Yvonne Carette. This has a very full skirt and a frilled blouse made of crêpe in a yellow-and-orange all-over print—the short jacket has the same pattern in green tones.

Chez Ninon has a grand Vionnet suit in that dull yellowish-green color so smart these days. Distinctive points of this are the buttons down the front of the skirt, the silk blouse with a scarf emerging from a cowl in back to be tied haphazardly in front, and the fact that the three-quarter coat has a collar that is not attached for a few important inches across the back of the neck. This removes the "set" look that even the most expertly tailored collars will achieve, and makes it possible for you to arrange this one casually in the manner most becoming to yourself. Vionnet is doing this a great deal, which is the reason I bothered to explain in such detail. You should also look at a Worth suit in brown wool with lemon-yellow and beige touches for Palm Beach or Aiken; at Patou's 1880 afternoon dress of a gray heavy silk that turns out to be composed of tiny black-and-white checks; and at a Worth tennis dress of a light new wool with a silky mesh finish. There is also a Molyneux evening dress of chiffon, with narrow panels sewed flat until they reach the natural waistline in back, where they are allowed to sweep out freely—one of the most flattering dresses for a shortish and heavyish woman yet seen. And for the piquant type, there is a Carette dress of black chiffon with a tiny pink-rose pattern adorned with a detachable ruffled apron.

THE TAILORED WOMAN is noted, among other things, for its well-bred black-silk coats. This type of thing has to be beautifully designed and beautifully tailored or you know perfectly well what the first damp day will go and do to it. A very good model now to be seen there has a lavish collar of a new fur known as "snow-tipped kit fox," which is a gray-brown color that is becoming to the gray and the beige brigades alike. There are also quantities of imported handmade French dinner dresses of black chiffon, with pink-chiffon linings, adorned with pin tucks and touches of black lace. Very feminine, and ideal for the informal evening occasion. Moreover, they can be packed in no space at all.

You will also find there a thirty-five-dollar two-piece jersey dress; the jumper of the familiar two-bow type, the skirt plain and contrasting in color. Combinations of flame and black, rose and brown, two shades of blue, and so on are available. There is a new tweed suit whose well-tailored jacket and skirt have contrasting herringbone and diagonal weaves. One charming youthful suit is of blue covert. The three-quarter coat has a shoulder cape and the blouse is of shirting material. A new wrinkle in tennis dresses is made of a washable suede velveteen, cut surplice-like at the top and circular at the skirt. And those of you who already sniff spring in the air should

"Nice hands, Mrs. Wutkelker—where'd you get 'em?"

MANY, many centuries ago, tiring of his quite unsatisfactory furniture of stone, an adventurer fared forth to a not far distant forest, hewed a tree and built himself a table and some chairs. From that day, though the world grew older and older, though men grew wiser and wiser, furniture, through the countless years, continued to be made of wood. So the knighthood era of England, the white-wigged times of France and the Puritan period of America and many other periods as well have left us a heritage of beauty. Much of this charming furniture of other days is re-created by W. & J. Sloane, and beautiful are the woods, fine the finishes and sturdy the joinings. Far and wide has the reputation for reasonable markings flown and far and wide is this great store known for its furniture which is designed so beautifully and built so soundly and which truly is an everlasting tribute to a tree.

W. & J. SLOANE

575 Fifth Avenue *at* 47th Street

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h. scott paton

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HOTEL PLAZA

★ *ACCLAIMED the MOST CHARMING of SMART SUPPER CLUBS*

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TEA DANCES
4:15 to 6:15 p.m.

SUPPER DANCES
starting 10:30 p.m.

Music by
DICK GASPARRE
and his
PLAZA
ORCHESTRA

for RESERVATIONS
TELEPHONE PLAZA 1740
Membership Cards have been mailed to a selected list. They may also be secured upon application to the secretary of the Club Plaza.

"New York's very best"
The Madison
Hotel and Restaurant
MADISON AVENUE AT FIFTY EIGHT STREET·NEW YORK CITY
CABLE ADDRESS "MADISOTEL"
THEODORE TITZÉ MANAGING DIRECTOR

look at a black-jersey Patou suit with a simple white blouse.

DELMAN—who has opened a swank place down Palm Beach way to still the clamors of his vacationing patrons—is busy sending from his New York shop many a mode for the modern and smart. Shoes of shantung, either plain or embroidered (the wildest with polka dots in color), are favorites there this year. You will also find those leaders of aristocratic summer footgear—the brown-and-white oxford and the single-strap shoe with a straight Cuban heel. Kid in every possible color has been developed, with the sunburned kind high in favor. And there is a new informal beach sandal with a low heel, in color, white, or in Indian print, to bring back your barefoot days.

Golfers should never forget that masterpiece of design—a sports shoe with a low heel and a supporting arch. This now appears in various shades of waterproof linen combined with lizard or snake trimmings in many colors, and still costs $18.50.

For the rest, there are pastel snakes and lizards for daytime, printed crêpes and hand-blocked linens, pastel kids and openwork straws. Anyone who cannot be suited here is just an old fussbudget. —L. L.

THIS AND THAT

Some Life for the Party —Local Trifles and an International Clock

MADISON AVENUE, which harbors every possible kind of shop for every possible purpose, has a new addition to its ranks possessing the rather voodooish name of Beulah Kuh. In this tiny place at No. 574 it is proudly stated that parties are supervised from "invite to goodnight;" and if the preparations that were going on when we were there are any indication, it would be impossible to think of an idea this party mart will not tackle.

It has turned a sober and self-respecting dinner table into a replica of the Belmont racetrack, with miniatures of the horses that ran in a particular race there; it will convert staid hotel dining-rooms into circuses, western dancehalls, night clubs, or romantic gardens. Murmur an idiosyncrasy

of a guest into the receptive ear of Miss Kuh, and favors, placecards, and so on will be found that will cause just the proper amount of merry laughter at his expense. From sending gay and original invitations to planning the last detail of decoration, entertainment, and catering, this shop is at your service.

FURTHER MADISON AVENUE NOTES: Le Mouchoir, a charming small shop dedicated to feminine boudoir trifles, is now at No. 757. There you may find exquisite handmade French lingerie and handkerchiefs, atomizers, bits of jewelry, lovely accessories for the dressing table, for the desk, for the chaise-longue—an ideal gift shop to consult if you wish to give some ravishing creature something which will delight her feminine soul.

The Christopher Robin Shop, at No. 818, has an adorable play suit for children frittering away their time on sunlit beaches. This is of a chintz in a patchwork-quilt pattern, having a very deep décolletage and long shoulder straps that button on and create any degree of modesty desired. At what is absurdly known as the bottom, the suit disappears in French romper style, which means that it tapers off into a narrow strap. A really enchanting costume for the child between one and six or thereabouts. Most of these are made to order.

ARNOLD CONSTABLE has a pleasing novelty called The Clock of the World which might come in handy for transcontinental or transatlantic telephoners, since it carefully gives you the correct time in all parts of this busy, busy globe.

AT McCreery you will find those old-fashioned but very useful baby wrappers known as Bunties. These are crêpe de Chine outside, fleecy wool inside, and are oblong affairs with a pointed hood at one end. They are buttoned down the front, and keep the hands warm. Eminently practical, very decorative, and not often seen, even on these chilly days. —L. L.

AS TO MEN

Luxurious and Discreet —For the Outdoor and the Indoor Sportsman

SHOPPING is made almost painless for men in the financial district at Saks-Fifth Avenue's new store on

Wurldsbest Ventilators
Eliminate this!

YOU need not close the windows when it storms. The Wurldsbest Ventilator gives you ventilation in the modern manner. Keeps out rain and snow, and due to a fine mesh, built-in bronze wire screen, dirt and dust are excluded. Plenty of clean fresh air WITHOUT DRAFTS, as the current is deflected *overhead*. Protects health, curtains, drapes and rugs. Fits on the outside lower sash and does not interfere with completely opening or closing the window.

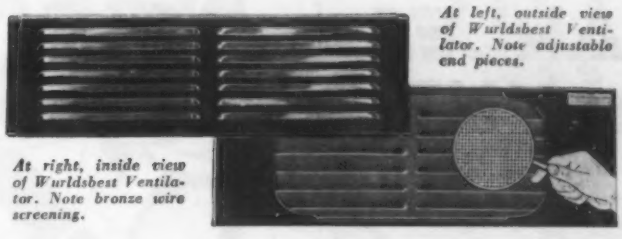
Wurldsbest is a high quality product, strongly made of non-rusting steel throughout. A beautiful olive green enamel finish is baked on, enriching its appearance and making it adaptable to any interior or outside color scheme.

Offered in sizes for every window. Adjustable ends assure snug, perfect fit. Buy Wurldsbest Window Ventilators at leading hardware and department stores. If your dealer cannot supply you, send check or money order and your dealer's name direct to us—Dept. N-126.

ALLWEATHER VENTILATOR COMPANY, INC.
452 Lexington Avenue New York City

POPULAR SIZES
No. 3 —23" to 30" wide—$3.00
4 —30" to 36" wide— 3.50
5A—36" to 46" wide— 4.00

Wurldsbest
WINDOW VENTILATOR



At left, outside view of Wurldsbest Ventilator. Note adjustable end pieces.

At right, inside view of Wurldsbest Ventilator. Note bronze wire screening.

This two-piece sweater suit of silk chenille, in white, is known as the "FLOWER GARDEN."

The color of the border is repeated at the wrist and throat. This is a charming costume for the south.

It may be had in a wide range of colors . . . Priced at $49.50

CHARLES WALNUT

72 West 50th Street . . . New York

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Madame Polowetkoff, Manager

New York Philadelphia

the thirtieth floor of the Equitable Building, 120 Broadway. No display of merchandise intrudes upon a clublike atmosphere of panelled walls, thick carpets, leather armchairs, magazines, and free cigarettes. However, a small, carefully selected assortment of ties, shirts, hats, and shoes is carried, and anything in the uptown store can be ordered. Dressing-rooms have been installed for the convenience of those who are too busy to get home to change for an early dinner appointment.

Speaking of luxurious surroundings, if you like them, you should visit John Cavanaugh, Ltd., a new hat shop at 247 Park Avenue, where you make your selection from samples arranged in discreet cases in the reception-room. When you decide on the size and the style that best suit your looks, a salesman goes to the stockroom, to return presently with a duplicate, all sealed up in a little paper jacket that has protected it since it left the factory. If you insist, you can have the hat you tried on.

TO maintain our balance after all this luxury, we dropped in at Abercrombie & Fitch's gun-room, which, since the merger with Von Lengerke & Detmold, is probably the largest in the world. We were glad to recognize the familiar faces of the gunmen (as they are officially called) we had known across the street. They showed us a harpoon gun which General Mitchell and other modern sportsmen, taking a tip from the old whalers, are using to catch big game fish. We were interested, but not anxious to try it, after we saw the size of its recoil pad. This department felt more at home with a bull's-eye pistol, operated with a rubber band, which shoots No. 6 shot with surprising accuracy. Recommended for target practice during these long winter evenings.

The Abercrombie & Fitch "oyster

a bigger and gayer scene for your new *permanent*

bigger because we've just expanded to twice our former size. *gayer* because we're more modern than ever, with our sleek-and-sunny reception room, our spacious new booths, our sophisticated restfulness of decoration.
all this merely to add to the pleasure of what will be the greatest pleasure of all—a *permanent* as wonderfully becoming, as perfectly suited to your hair and your face, as only a *jean permanent* can be. *phone for an appointment.*

G. JEAN

32 west 58th street, plaza 1470

Mediterranean

"The Luxury Ships"

***M. V.* SATURNIA**

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Horoscopes $10

Send the date of your birth, year, month, place, and the hour if possible. Ask questions. Personal interviews by appointment.

MYRA KINGSLEY, 687 Lexington Ave.
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A GREAT IDEAL REALIZED IN THESE TWO SPECIALTY CARS

It has long been the fixed purpose of the Stutz organization to produce America's outstanding quality car.

With this announcing of the Blackhawk—an entirely new automobile, a lower priced companion of the famed Stutz—we now present to the world a complete line of quality cars, unrivaled and unmatched.

The Blackhawk, with ten body styles, retails from $2345 to $2955, f. o. b. factory.

The Stutz, with many smart, new body styles, retails from $3395 to $6895, f. o. b. factory.

And here are some of the remarkable features these two cars have in common:

(1) Four forward speeds.

(2) "Noback," a device that automatically prevents back rolling on inclines. Exclusive with Stutz and Blackhawk.

(3) Gasoline pump—radically new—providing positive feed to carburetor at all speeds, on either level ground or hills.

(4) Giant hydraulic brakes—with vacuum booster on Stutz—give a new meaning to *de-celeration.*

There are many others.

Here is the realization of a great ideal.

STUTZ
AND
BLACKHAWK

Stutz New York Company, Inc.
Broadway at 62nd Street
Park Avenue (Ritz Tower) at 57th Street

watch" should be handy for sportsmen. It is guaranteed to be waterproof and dustproof, and to prove the former is displayed in a gold-fish bowl. The case is chromium nickel; $35.

AMONG recent importations received by Tripler from England is a visorless cap that resembles a small tam-o'-shanter. It comes in various Harris tweed mixtures, looks rather Scotch, and is not as odd as it sounds. Anyhow, we were told that the Prince of Wales bought one, so doubtless it will have some popularity. Another import is a greatcoat made of a llama-wool fabric that has a thick pile but is lightweight and very warm. It is lined with camel's hair and sells for $175. For southern wear, a suit of dark green gabardine is shown that has a yoke, a half belt, patch pockets, and notch lapels.

A NEW golf shoe, for those who dislike rubber soles, is made by Robert Wylie, 61 West Fifty-fifth Street. It has a quilted sole, which means that twenty-one-strand flax cord is stitched into the sole and heel. This type was used by ships' officers before the possibilities of rubber were discovered. It is still practical on shipboard because it will not slip on wet decks, as rubber often does when the tread has worn smooth. The shoe on which we saw it was a double brogue; the upper, as well as the sole, was of double thickness, the under layers extending a quarter inch beyond the top layers, with double perforations throughout. A very sturdy shoe, and not nearly so clumsy as this description might make it seem.

ODD ITEMS: Opera glasses that fold into a leather casing about the size of a cigarette case, which it resembles; $12. at Lugene, Inc., 600 Madison Avenue. . . . Multi-Vider pencil, multiplies and divides, operating in the manner of a slide rule; $6, at John Ward, 11 East Forty-fifth Street. . . . Morocco-bound diaries, pocket size, to keep your engagements straight; $2, at M M Importing Co., 543 Madison Avenue. . . . Faceted, clear-crystal evening sets that include studs, and sleeve and waistcoat buttons; $65, at Tripler. —G. McC.

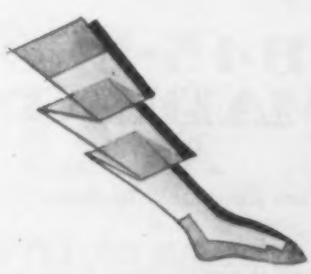
•

SUPERIOR, WIS., Jan. 17—A Superior woman was stung by a bumble bee on Main Street today.—*The World.*

That'll take her off her high horse.

"No part of one's costume is so conspicuous above the footlights as one's stockings. Whether my rôle calls for standing, sitting or walking about, I can be sure of smooth ankles, and lovely costume-harmonizing tints in my stockings—they're always Van Raalte."

Helen Menken
Starring in
"Congai"



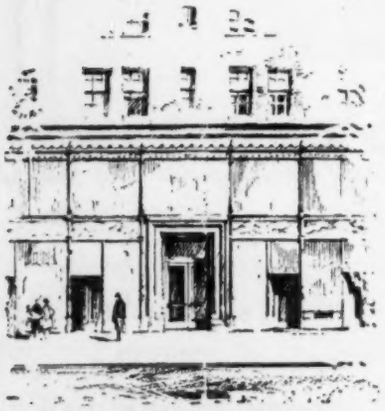
VAN RAALTE
Silk Stockings

A Lenox Hill Shopping Center

FOR TWENTY-FOUR EXCLUSIVE SHOPS

Shops located on Fifth or lower Madison Avenues, where traffic congestion is a hindrance to business, will find a branch store in this shopping center de luxe a strategic merchandising move. The same high character clientele is immediately at hand ...*minus* the traffic congestion! Bronze ornamental fronts—high ceilings—excellent basement space—private elevator for the exclusive use of the twelve second floor shops.

For further information consult your broker or apply to Tishman Realty & Construction Co., Inc. Occupancy May 1st, 1929.



845-859 MADISON AVE.

From Seventieth to Seventy-First

TISHMAN REALTY & CONSTRUCTION CO., INC.
285 MADISON AVENUE

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING

And Adam answered: Listen, dear,
Bird, beast, or fish you need not fear;
Mistrust not fin or hoof or horn
Or hippogriff or unicorn;
Trust all that go on claws or feet—
Only, beware the serpent, sweet!

And Adam said: You are my bride,
My angel and my life beside;
All fruits in Eden you may eat,
Mellow or bitter, sour or sweet,
(Unless their greenness makes you grieve)
Only, touch not the apple, Eve!

And Adam cried: My strength is spent
Contending with your discontent!
Are there not plums and pears and cherries
And apricots and figs and berries
With pomegranates as red as wine,
And melons sunning on the vine?

Your ceaseless chatter makes me ill,
Go, eat your apple and be still!

—KATHARINE D. MORSE

•

UP FROM A WASTEBASKET

[Note appended by an author to his manuscript]

In connection with the colon used in the tenth line of the first page of this story, the ordinary usage is of course either a comma or a dash. A comma would set off the phrase "her simple reticence" in mechanical and unaccented apposition. A dash would give it flippancy, a light-hearted connotation. The colon emphasizes the intensity of my feeling in this matter. It flaunts the woman's emotional pallor, and I want to flaunt it. Italics are too excited. Exclamation points are the sign of a lack of vitality. "You can't," as my old English professor used to say, "get passion into a story by exclamation points." I stand alone about this colon. The story, I feel, would lose its point without it.

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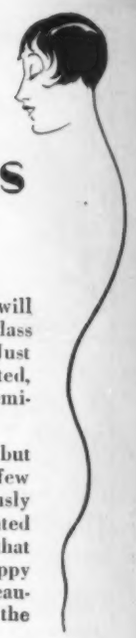

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FORMAL openings have been the order of the architectural day, and a number of important buildings have thrown back their doors to the public. The new New York Athletic Club in Fifty-ninth Street, upon whose exterior we have already commented, was jovially inaugurated on Christmas Day, and shortly afterwards exhibited its beautiful interiors to guests.

The Barnet Phillips Company, in collaboration with the architects, York & Sawyer, has done extremely well by the club. Specially designed furniture, carpets, and hangings carry out the decorative motifs of the ceilings and side walls, in which the symbols of various sports play an appropriately important part.

THE big lounge on the ninth floor is excellent, and the subtle, atmospheric patine of the side walls is a real *tour de force*. We liked, too, the main dining-room on the eleventh floor, and the murals, not yet entirely installed, by Griffith Baily Coale. In the card-room there is an entertaining ceiling on which the kings, queens, and knaves are wittily presented, the humbler suit cards being woven in the fabric of the carpet. In the segmentally arched grill-room are medieval panels. This room looks out under the vaulting of the fine loggia, and across one end is an imposing bar with a most gratifying brass rail at exactly the right height.

The private dining-rooms are ingeniously separated by folding doors which, when closed, carry out the panelling of the permanent side walls and, when open, make possible an indefinite expansion of floor space and seating capacity. We particularly liked the little Venetian room, opening from the lobby. Visitors were, of course, interested in the huge pool, the gymnasium, the solarium, the squash and handball courts, and the other athletic features. At the pool, the medallions in the spaces between the windows are slightly too vivid, in our opinion; and we were also somewhat

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disturbed by the latticed leading of the library stacks. However, it is a comfort to know that club libraries are used mainly for sleeping, so this detail will not offend. In the main, the club interiors, designed along Renaissance lines, splendidly supplement the sturdy architecture. It is a pleasure to see rooms in which every detail has been so carefully and skillfully fitted to its environment.

ANOTHER architectural première was that of the Bank of New York & Trust Company, 48 Wall Street, the latest addition to the sumptuous counting-houses of the district. It sets a high standard in design; the detail is classic but never trite. Indeed, as we went from floor to floor and terrace to terrace, a tour which gave us splendid closeups of urns, eagles, and other ornaments, we were impressed by the vitality and interest with which the architect, Benjamin W. Morris, has infused his work.

The building reaches its tower pavilion by a series of finely managed setbacks, and this crowning element, topped by a golden eagle, is notably successful. These upper floors, small in area, are attractive. One of them was leased by a sea-going banker because he can sit at his desk and see his yacht when it comes up the bay toward the New York Yacht Club landing. The building, by the way, was already completely rented when it was opened; which, considering the amount of the space, is remarkable. The number of private balconies and

terraces should do much to make a New York midsummer more than tolerable.

THE most monumental feature of the interior, naturally, is the main banking-room, reached by a short double stairway through a circular stairwell. Warm tones of gray are used on the floor, side walls, counters, and the low-relief flat ceiling, which is especially attractive. Under it are truncated arches with large circular-headed wall spaces, finely decorated by James Monroe Hewlett with murals which express various industries—agriculture, transportation, foreign trade, and so on—pictured against backgrounds of old New York. At one end of the room three panels commemorate as many worthies closely identified with the history of our first banking institution; namely, Alexander McDougall, Gulian Verplanck, and Isaac Roosevelt. The metalwork of grills and counter screens is noteworthy and carries out the gray tone of the color scheme. At intervals variety has been given to the wrought steel by an inlay of brass.

On the third floor you find the trust department and a dignified Georgian board-room with an interesting overmantel by Ernest Peixotto, depicting Alexander Hamilton—the writer of the first bank charter—and some of the gentlemen previously mentioned.

Not the least attractive detail of the exterior is the old cornerstone of the first bank, laid in 1797 by Gulian Verplanck, president, and—be it noted—"Geo. Doolett, Architect." We found no memorial to the architect of the new home, but perhaps it is tucked away somewhere in the interior.

—T-SQUARE

•

SONG FOR THE MORNING BATH

(Mr. Charles Riegelman has become a member of the firm of Limburg, Riegelman, Hirsch & Hess. Mr. Riegelman was formerly with the firm of Leventritt, Riegelman, Carns & Schwarz, which has been dissolved.)

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Johnny Strikes up—Itinerant Wagnerians

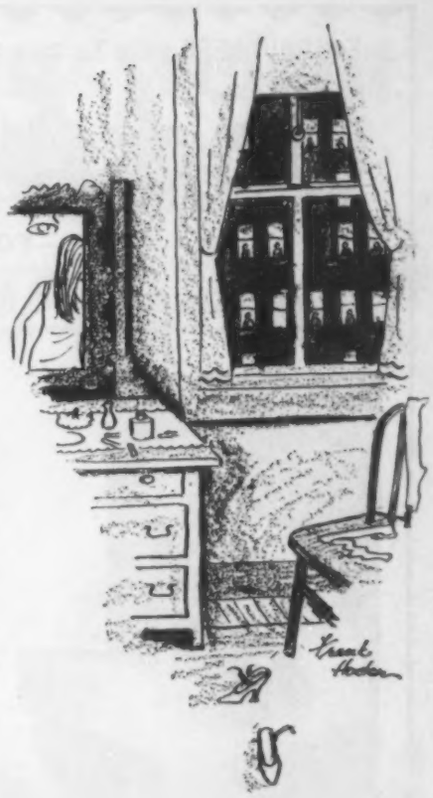
THERE are two ways of considering "Jonny Spielt Auf," the two-act opera of Ernst Křenek, which the Metropolitan has produced. To the serious it may be a celebration of natural forces and their function in reviving a decaying cosmos; to others it may be just a slightly mad fantasy in which a remarkably clever young librettist and composer plays about with a diversity of amusing dramatic and scenic notions. We should add that there also is one way of not looking at "Jonny," and that is as an opera, pure and simple, for it is neither.

Anybody who has dipped his nose into this department more than once probably is aware that its proprietor is no admirer of philosophic didoes, and we might as well announce that so far as we are concerned, "Jonny," as an expression of revolt, is no bolshevik. It does not even attempt to kick over operatic traditions by satirizing them, although there are a few sideswipes at composers and fiddlers. Herr Křenek succeeds in making many older words-and-music operas seem silly by providing his characters with thoroughly human dialogue—though he accompanies this plain talk with some rather inhuman music—but there is nothing revolutionary except the application of commonsense to the lyric drama. That, after all, may be highly revolutionary.

THE Metropolitan Opera House is the avowed home of opera as opera. Normally the stage directors do not indulge themselves in novel methods of production, and although a composer's intentions may be ignored from time to time, they rarely are subjected to radical revisions. "Jonny," however, has been doctored for American consumption by an unseen dramaturge who has managed to make a pretty handsome botch of his job. Křenek's story concerns an American negro, a jazz king, who makes love spontaneously to an opera singer who is the mistress of a composer and a violinist. He steals the violinist's valuable instrument, outwits the constabulary, and winds up, in a fanciful finale, literally on top of the world, fiddling away while the world dances gleefully. At the Metropolitan, the negro is changed to a black-face comedian, a refinement which seems to have been introduced to avert race riots. If Verdi's "Otello" is revived one of these days, we probably shall find the Moor converted into the end-man of a minstrel show.

Even if Jonny had been made a Caucasian, the story would have held up, but the spectacle of a black-face comic gallivanting about the world in his complete makeup, down to the white gloves, was almost ruinous. As it is, the best way to view the show is to think of Jonny as a baritone with a dirty face. The closing scene, in which a huge clock turns at midnight into a revolving globe, also was subjected to some unimaginative bungling, but this may be remedied at future performances. Somebody has interpreted references to a "land of liberty" to mean Bedloe's Island, and at the end of the piece, American flags are lowered from the wings, while the Statue of Liberty, made up to look like a German basso, appears in the background.

WITH all these curious improvements, "Jonny" still is one of the best shows that Signor Gatti-Casazza has given to us. The direction is heavy and unimaginative, but the principals—notably Miss Fleischer, as a singularly delightful and untroubled French maid—seem to enjoy being in



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"Watching the Clouds Roll By"—The leading tune of the Broadway hit, "Animal Crackers," with vocal chorus by Eddy Thomas.

"A Room with a View" 4145

"My Inspiration is You"—One of those dreamy half melancholy songs by Chester Gaylord "The Whispering Serenader."

"Me and the Man in the Moon" 4138

"An Old Italian Love Song"—Stirring Andalusian song by those radio favorites, the Heermann Trio.

"Andalusian Caprice" 4153

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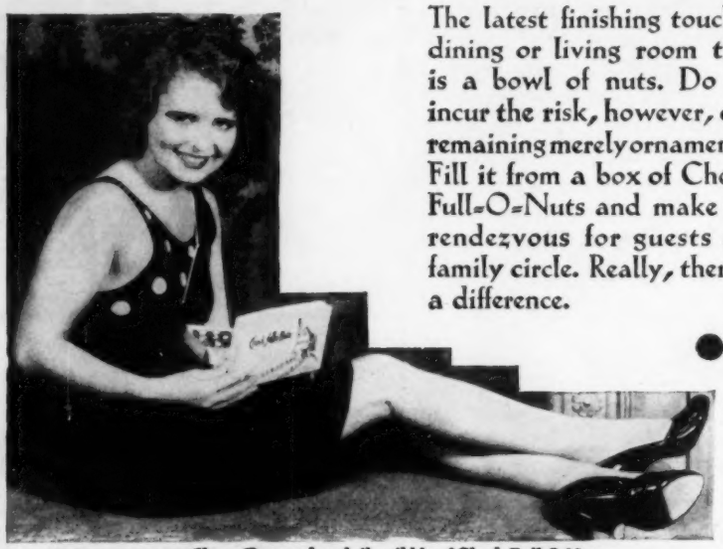

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modern clothes, and when they become accustomed to the business of being human, they will achieve a bit of spontaneity that was lacking at the première. Mr. Bodanzky, who, it is reported, is not exactly crazy about the score, handled the orchestra brilliantly, and when there were jazz rhythms to be enunciated, he betrayed his early training in musical comedy. The settings of Mr. Urban ranged from drab exteriors to at least one smart living-room and a well-devised outdoor dining-terrace in the Alps.

"JONNY SPIELT AUF" has been called a jazz opera, and many auditors were disappointed because it was not a succession of blues, stomps, varsity drags, and Charlestons. Although there are a few foxtrots and a recurring jazz air (which is strangely similar to Vincent Youmans' "Oh Me! Oh My! Oh You!"), as well as a charming snatch of tango, the jazz is there by implication rather than in fact. The late Harry O. Osgood, in "So This Is Jazz," still the best treatise on that disputed medium, described jazz as "the spirit of the thing." Křenek's treatment of the situations is in "the spirit of the thing," although he is not a Gershwin. The atonality, which some European critics discovered, exists only on paper, because there is nothing strikingly dissonant about the score as it sounds in the theatre. The vocal writing is arid and the singers have few opportunities to sing effectively, but the orchestration is sure-handed and resourceful. There are melodies, but they are not developed, and "Jonny" would have been a much better work if Křenek had not been afraid of being tuneful.

Conceding all of the inherent and inflicted flaws of the Metropolitan's latest novelty, it stands out as a stimulating adventure. To distort Barrie, the damned thing lives!

A HARD-WORKING troupe styled the German Grand Opera Company has been giving uncut performances of the Nibelungen Ring at the Manhattan Opera House, "as heard at Bayreuth," according to the official prospectus. The company may be commended for its ambition and its earnestness, but the presentations to which we were invited were lamentably deficient in such important matters as cohesion and expertness. Unlike the previous German organization that inhabited the Manhattan, which presented

such important personalities as Mme. Alsen, Miss Fleischer, and the Messrs. Schorr and Kipnis, the German Grand Opera Company offered no newcomers of uncommon ability. Mme. Gadski, appearing here in opera for the first time in a dozen years, demonstrated that she still knows her business, as did Mme. Ottilie Metzger-Lattermann and Karl Braun. We wonder how the whole experiment impressed those who were hearing the masterpieces of Wagner for the first time. —R. A. S.

POPULAR SHEET MUSIC

The Best of the Moment —Some Are Cheerful and Enough Have Gloom

SO many musical attractions are playing New York as a one-week stand this season that one sometimes misses the music of a show unless, by some accident, a melody lingers on. However, no one need fear for "Follow Thru," with a score by the indomitable, indefatigable, and inimitable De Sylva, Brown, and Henderson. (Distribute the adjectives among the trio as you please.) Just which is the outstanding hit in this mélange of attractive airs appears to be debatable, and as it probably wouldn't be the one I'd pick, it seems safest to assume that there are at least three, that being the mean average for this triptych of collaborators.

"Whoopee" has a lilting, if not particularly dramatic, score by the canorous Donaldson. "Making Whoopee" seems to be the best bet. "Hello Daddy!" has the amusing "Let's Talk about Us," with one of Dorothy Fields' beguiling lyrics. Incidentally, so far the most polished lyric of the year belongs to Brian Hooker, and why not, since he once had a grand opera at the Metropolitan? It is "Beside Your Window," from the Coburnated "Falstaff." The tune, and a good one, is by Porter Steele.

SOME ditties that don't come to us from the current musical shows:

YA COMIN' UP TONIGHT, HUH? The heroine of this enjoys being treated terrible, which seems to be a tendency in lyrics now. This one is good.

THERE IS A HAPPY LAND. Well,

"I watch my weight like a hawk — *Luckies fill the bill.*"

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"REACH FOR A LUCKY INSTEAD OF A SWEET."

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—

No Cough.

Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.

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Seen at Reuben's

THERE they were, arch critics that they are, engaged in a heated Mercurian dissertation over the respective virtues of the dishes they had just been served. H. L. MENCKEN must have been pointing out to GEORGE JEAN NATHAN the superlative attributes of Reuben's tartly sour and just sufficiently sweet—sauerbraten and kertofel klöse. And George no doubt was eloquently moving *his* case with Exhibit A before him—probably knockwurst and sauerkraut. Unter der Linden right here on Madison Ave.!—foaming Trommers (dark!)—and everything!

* * *

MISCHA ELMAN, dreamily rapt in a Reuben symphony, which on the menu card, prosaically enough, is described as Shrimp à la Newburg! But to those in the know (and does Mr. Elman know!) the term conjures a palate-tickling vision of tender little baby shrimp of a pale pinkness to satisfy the most aesthetic, prepared with an ambrosial sauce of divine inspiration, in the manner known only to Reuben. And, as we have been informed by our own little Sherlock Holmes, Mr. Elman signified his approval of Reuben's rendition of his favorite *opus* with a hearty "Encore!"

* * *

WELL, ZELMA O'NEAL—you certainly "Followed Thru" in great style when you breezed in after-theatre with the applause of "your public" ringing in your ears and made a bee-line direct for the golden mellow mysteries of Scrambled Eggs and the tantalizing fragrance of Irish Bacon of a kind sacred to the heart of Reuben, prepared lovingly by Our Chef in just the right Zelma O'Neal key! "Irish eyes were smilin'", all right, all right!

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HOW ABOUT ME? The latest of the Berlin airs, and one of the best. Also the first for quite a while not in three-four time.

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SUNNY SKIES. The most cheerful of the midwinter output. Excellent for close harmony.

WHEN SUMMER IS GONE. A natural—and not too lachrymose at that.

THAT'S WHY I'M HAPPY. "We do each other good" is the idea, but I fear it's not all so innocent. Agreeable roguery.

I'M SORRY. The other extreme. A neat little torch ballad. A torch ballad, if you don't know, is a lament for lost love.

MY MOTHER'S EYES. If you can't guess what this is going to be—!

GLAD RAG DOLL. Another descendant of "She's More to Be Pitied than Censured," with a bright cantilena.

GIVE YOUR LITTLE BABY LOTS OF LOVIN'. One of the most intimate of current ballads.

ALL BY YOURSELF IN THE MOONLIGHT? An English bit, with the notion that solitude under lunar influences is no great diversion. Therefore, perhaps a good gang chant.

THE SONG I LOVE. A magnificent torch sonatina. —POP

•

MEMORIES

[*Orders issued at Fort Riley, Kansas, October 25, 1842, reprinted in Saber and Spur*]

1. Members of this command will, when shooting at buffaloes on the parade ground, be careful not to fire in the direction of the C. O.'s quarters.

2. The troop officer having the best trained remount for this year will be awarded one barrel of rye whiskey.

3. Officers will discontinue the practice of roping and riding buffaloes.

4. Attention of all officers is invited to Par. 107 A. R. in which it provides under uniform regulations that all officers will wear beards.

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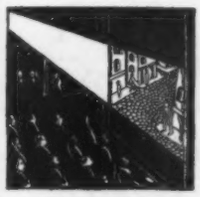

THE films offered this week made a dismal showing, though Garbo and Gilbert, those great lovers of our fleeting day, appeared in them, and the popular M. Menjou adjusted his monocle and displayed neat spats and a heart of gold.

Against all these great names we felt more gratitude to the pigmies and cannibals of the Andaman Islands in the Indian Ocean, or thereabouts, as shown down at the Fifth Avenue Playhouse in "The Lost Empire"—a rather better than usual travelogue. A fight to the finish between a giant lobster and an octopus was also a refreshing tidbit after the Gilbert-Garbo cavortings uptown. This too is at the Fifth Avenue and is somewhat in the character of "Killing the Killer," which had its success with devotees of the little theatres.

TURNING to officially more momentous matters, we can only be a little sad and cast down by that triumph of the talkies, "In Old Arizona." It's another picture about a "lone" bandit of the type very familiar to moviegoers. This particular bandit frequents the Arizona of the days when McKinley was president, and varies his solitude with visits to a fair but faithless lady upon whom he showers the booty acquired from holding up stagecoaches. An attempt is made to show the valiant outlaw as an injured and poignant figure, and he is well enough portrayed by Warner Baxter; but after all, the sentiment is obvious, the story sketchy, and the dialogue pretty bad. The chief triumph of the Movietone lay in the reproduction of sizzling eggs in a pan, which you could hear to the farthest and most golden corner of the Roxy Theatre; and also in the braying of an ass, the honking of geese, the squealing of pigs, the rattle of the stagecoach, and the crying of a baby. If these sounds are music and a delight to your ears, don't miss the picture.

"A WOMAN OF AFFAIRS" takes us from the crude society of

just a sneer and an allusion,

damned with faint praise, perversely cogitated the cinema customer, as the wild waves of enthusiasm laved the sunny shores of entertainment

at the paramount

where
one hundred percent in conversation and entertainment is "interference" paramount's first and foremost talking picture, with a cast of countenances that can't be beat.

and

on the stage are oscard's "southern belles" . . . and oh, the tin-tin-a-bulation, thereof . . . conjointly with the paramount stage band!

and

consoled, consoling, couched at the organ, is jesse crawford, transforming the pipes of wurlitzer into those of pan.

at the rivoli— united artists

is emil jannings in "the sins of the fathers" . . . even children may see this, for these visitations are minor and thrilling and paramount made this picture

at the rialto

is "the wolf of wall street" a paramount talking picture with george bancroft as the beast, baclanova as the beauty and the public as red riding hood.

luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

Wings Over EUROPE

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45th St., West of 8th Ave.

Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40. Eves. 8:50

CAPRICE

GUILD Th., W. 52. Evs. 8:50 Mts. Thur. & Sat., 2:40

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John Golden Thea., 58th, E. of B'way Evs. Only at 5:30

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'BLACKBIRDS'

THE SNAPPIEST, COLORED REVUE
MIDNIGHT SHOW EVERY THURSDAY

GEO. M. COHAN Theatre, B'way & 43rd. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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Ben Pollack and His Park Central Hotel Orchestra
Staged under the personal supervision of
JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON

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VINCENT LOPEZ *(Himself)* & HIS BAND

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in "THE KINGDOM OF GOD"

By G. Martinez Sierra

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Ethel Barrymore Theatre

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Evs. 8:50. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30

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The Actors' Theatre Inc. presents

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BLANCHE YURKA THE WILD DUCK

"Most distinguished showing of drama in town today."—*Gilbert Gabriel, American.*

During week of Jan. 28—HEDDA GABLER

ROYALE THEA., 45th St., W. of B'way Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30

NOTE: CURTAIN EVES. AT 8:30

ROSALIE STEWART presents

"PRECIOUS"

A Farcical Comedy by James Forbes
With a Cast including

John Cumberland, Dorothy Hall, Verree Teasdale
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[A JED HARRIS PRODUCTION]

THE

Front Page

UPROARIOUS

NEWSPAPER FARCE

TIMES SQ. THEATRE, W. 42 St.
Evs. at 8:50. Matinees Wednesday & Saturday 2:30

SHUBERT Thea., 44th W. of B'way Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

WALTER WOOLF

in the Thrilling Musical Hit

"THE RED ROBE"

with HELEN GILLILAND

DAVID BELASCO Presents

LENORE ULRIC as MIMA

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Evs. 8:30 Sharp
Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30 Sharp

Arthur Hopkins presents Philip Barry's new comedy, "HOLIDAY," at the Plymouth Thea., W. 45th St. Evs. 8:50. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:35.

MORRIS GEST announces the welcome return to America of

Balieff's Chauve Souris

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Specialties Between the Acts and an After-piece "JANE'S LOVER"

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"Shirley Richards excels, and is by far the loveliest and most rhythmic thing in Broadway hoofing circles."
—*Percy Hammond, Herald Tribune*

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"You find it as vital, as fascinating, as comic as the streets along which New York people live."—*J. Brooks Atkinson, Times.*

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MARRIAGE BED"

POP. MAT. WEDNESDAY
BEST SEATS $2.00

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M A R X

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GOOD BALCONY & MEZZANINE SEATS $1 to $3 at BOX OFFICE

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HELEN MENKEN

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EVES. Exc. Sat. BEST SEATS $3

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"HOUSE UNGUARDED"

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LEW CANTOR *presents*

JANET BEECHER

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with JUNIOR DURKIN

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The Musical Knockout

HOLD EVERYTHING!

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Ona Munson
Bert Lahr
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This Year of Grace

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Book, Lyrics & Music by NOEL COWARD

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Katharine

Cornell in

"THE AGE OF INNOCENCE"

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A Musicomedy by Martin Brown
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RUTH DRAPER

in her original character sketches

Every Ev'g 8:50 and Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:50

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A new American Comedy
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"Packed with laugh wallops." MIRROR
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Thea. W. 49th St.
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Twice Daily 2:30-8:30 P. M.

THE NEWEST MUSICAL COMEDY SMASH
FOLLOW THRU
"The most cheerful of season's music shows."—*Her.-Trib*
CHANIN 46th ST. THEATRE
Evs. 8:30 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
SCHWAB & MANDEL'S 2 GENUINE SUCCESSES
SEASON'S UNDISPUTED MASTERPIECE
NEW MOON THE MUSICAL PLAY SUPREME
Brilliant Cast of 150—with
Evelyn Herbert, Robert Holliday, Gus Shy
IMPERIAL W. 45 St. Eves. 8:30 sharp
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AND
DOROTHY STONE
In the Musical Extravaganza
"THREE CHEERS"
GLOBE Thea., B'way & 46th St. Eves. 8:30
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

NEWS LEXINGTON
Jan. 26, 27, 28: LON CHANEY in "WEST OF ZANZIBAR"; Jan. 29, 30: "SOMEONE TO LOVE"; Jan. 31, Feb. 1: AL JOLSON in "THE JAZZ SINGER"; Feb. 2, 3, 4: Vilma Banky in "THE AWAKENING."
51 ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.

PLAZA THEATRE Madison Ave at 59th Street
Direction LEO BRECHER
Sat. Jan. 26: Dorothy Mackaill, Jack Mulhall in "Waterfront"; Sun. & Mon. Jan. 27 & 28: Colleen Moore in "Lilac Time"; Tues. & Wed. Jan. 29 & 30: "White Shadows in the South Seas"; Thurs. & Fri. Jan. 31 & Feb. 1: Corinne Griffith in "Outcast."

Personal Direction S. L. ROTHAFEL (ROXY)
ROXY WORLD'S GREATEST THEATRE
William Fox Presents the First OUTDOOR All Talking Screen Epic
"IN OLD ARIZONA"
EDMUND LOWE | WARNER BAXTER | DOROTHY BURGESS
And Another Surpassing Stage Program

Arizona into the very heart of London's raciest circle, as that circle was seen by Mr. Arlen. It's the movie of Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat," with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert, and it's a long dreary performance. It is long probably because the producers were seized with some excess of conscientious effort to make every item of Arlen's fantasy of London society not only perfectly clear to the most untravelled housemaid of Middle Western suburbs, but also perfectly justifiable to her ethics. With this purpose in mind, they have changed the heroine's name from Iris to Diana, and the other lady's name from Venice to Constance; and they have explained away that dubious problem offered in the novel of what was the matter with the "gallant lady's" husband by making him a thief. Otherwise the "gallant lady's" career is followed with some devotion to the original story, though we must regret to say that a certain stolidity seems to be overcoming the lovely Garbo, and Mr. Gilbert gives an unenlightened routine presentation. There is, though, some admirable photography in the film, and young Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., did a good piece of work as the alcoholic brother.

HIGH life abroad is again the setting, of course, in Menjou's picture. As usual he is the impoverished aristocrat, as usual he must marry for money, as usual he falls deeply in love with a poor girl, and as usual he gives up wealth and position to marry her. In this case it is his servants and other creditors who arrange to sell him off to an heiress; and with the whimsy of servants who haven't been paid any wages, they call their plan "Marquis Preferred." Menjou should be able to act in a state of coma by this time, so rigorously does he repeat every trick he has. As time speeds on, it seems possible that even those persons especially susceptible to monocles, spats, and morning coats will begin to think him a little silly and tedious, and will prefer to sit at home and play pinochle when his pictures honor the local movie palazzo.

—J. C. M.

•

Mrs. Louise C—— died suddenly at her home Wednesday evening. She had been afflicted with the Summit Congregational Church for the past 30 years.—*Iowa paper.*

Death is merciful, sometimes.

WHO Killed Mimi Bellamy?

HEAR all the evidence! Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Talking Drama

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The BELLAMY TRIAL
Now playing Twice Daily
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Laurence Rivers, Inc., *Presents*
"MERRY ANDREW"
A NEW COMEDY
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"'Poppa' is as delightful as 'The Show Off'. I have never enjoyed any comedy more."—*Theodore Dreiser, America's Greatest Author.*
THE UPROARIOUS FARCE
POPPA
HUDSON Thea., W. 44th St. Eves. 8:30
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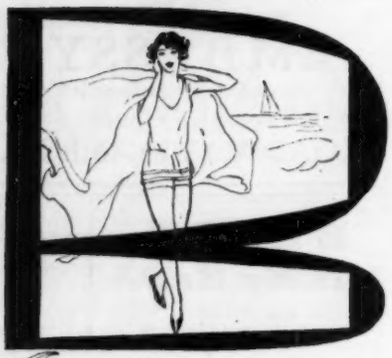
Havana, smartest city in America, offers you thirteen daily hours of sunshine for sport, horse-racing on the prettiest track you've seen, a Jockey Club where you may play, dine, dance or watch the races —Jai-Alai, fastest game on earth—and the Casino, luxurious shrine of a fickle goddess, with the best cook this side of Paris.



And, of course, you must see the wondrous Isle of Pines—the valley of the Yumuri—the Valley of Vinales—Matanzas — Pinar del Rio, home of "burning romance" in leaf.

Information from Cuban National Tourist Commission, Havana, or from any Cuban Consulate or Tourist Agency.

Havana

SMARTEST CITY IN AMERICA

HOCKEY

Curves and Angles—Goalies Become a Menace

AT Montreal they are building up a story about Leduc of the Canadiens. They say he puts a curve on his shots, a spin that breaks to the right because of a little pull which, combined with a turn of the wrist, lifts the puck from the ice.

Now whether Leduc puts a curve on the puck only the goal-judge and opposing goalies can tell. One thing, however, is sure—if Leduc, not a particularly brilliant stick-handler, can control a curve, Bun and Bill Cook, Frank Boucher, Shining Eddie Shore, and George Hay are better at it than he. These five players, with the possible addition of Rabbit McVeigh, handle their sticks with more skill than any others in the game.

EVERY famous player has his characteristic way of shooting. Bun Cook, for instance, uses the backhand shot. Behind his opponents' goal goes Bun, turned the wrong way to shoot, apparently trying only to pass out to his teammate in front of the goalie. He swoops around in a rink-turn with his back stiff; suddenly the stick makes a three-quarter curve, backhand, and the puck flies for a corner of the net.

Lester Patrick was the great exponent of the backhand shot. As a player he brought it to perfection and as a coach he has drilled it into his team. This year not only Bun but all the young wings are using it. Nevertheless, no matter what any coach says, a player taking the puck down will make his shot from whatever angle the breaks of the game make easiest. Butch Keeling's best shot is a hard one off the left boards. Frank Boucher never shoots from a point further than six feet from the goal if he can help it; he tries to feint the goalie into falling down and then flips the puck over him into the net. Vic Ripley and Bill Cook have the same idea; others—Happy Day and Art Smith—depend on speed and strength, shooting from the blue-line and chasing the rebound.

The most accurate shotmaker in the league is still Dick Irvin. Everyone who has seen Chicago play knows Irvin—a tall, wiry man, easy to spot because of his gray hair. Irvin is not old—his hair turned that color in the war—but he has been famous for his skill for many years. Practicing in the Arena Gardens in Toronto, the forwards would take shots at an old iron bell that hung from the middle of the balcony. The bell was pretty high—from the rink it was no more than a six-inch target—and Irvin would hit it twice out of four tries.

THERE are fine shotmakers on every team, but in spite of them the goalies have the upper hand. There has never before been a season with so many low scores, so many overtime games. Goalguards are too efficient—that's what it amounts to. Twice in the first period last Thursday single Ranger players got through to Gardiner of the Black Hawks. Frank Boucher was the first—he tried his feint, but Gardiner, with the odds all against him, slid forward with his arms and legs spread out and made the save. A few minutes later Bill Cook skated through the defence and again there was nobody to keep out the score. Nobody? Well, there was Gardiner—he crouched and jumped, a wild-looking fellow, and Bill Cook, going too fast to stop, hurdled above him into the net. He sighed as he got up—it seemed no use; there was the puck, safe in Gardiner's glove.

SOMETHING will have to be done to keep these goalies from ruining the game. Their skill has a discouraging effect on everyone. Spectators get tired of scoreless ties; players wonder what's the use of skating hard for seventy minutes when every shot they make stops on the pads of someone like Worters or Roach or Gardiner. If you made the net wider, it wouldn't have much effect—the goalies would just get better. Perhaps the only thing to do is to go back to the Ontario Hockey Association rule of a thirty-minute overtime to decide all ties, the first team to score winning the game. There would be no stalling in the extra period if that rule came in. The players would try to finish up and get down to the station to catch their train. —N. B., Jr.

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MILLER INSTITUTE OF SHORTHAND
1465 Broadway at 42nd St., N. Y. City
(This is not a Correspondence Course)

THE WARDROBE MISTRESS

A Character Not in the Play

YOU may never have met the wardrobe mistress but every show must have one, and she is usually the life of the party backstage; and quite as important as the ten-thousand-dollar gauze curtains or the enormous headdresses she keeps in order for the girls in the "Diamond Horseshoe" number. Of course if it's a Theatre Guild production you will probably find a matronly old soul who insists that all the dear temperamental children of the company call her "Mother." But if you do impersonations of actresses as I do, your personal maid (well, you could hardly expect a man to hook up Mary Nash's red velvet) will be a former wardrobe mistress like Irene.

There she stands in the wings throughout the number, like a proud and nervous mother watching little Ella do her first balloon dance. Breathlessly she picks up the precious red-velvet train before it sweeps the unswept stage.

"Gracious, Mr. Carroll," she says, "I never saw that train fall so bad before. It was all I could do to restrain myself from walking right out on the stage and turning over that obstreperous corner. And at the professional matinée, of all times."

"Oh, I think the brethren will overlook it," I comfort her, "but I do think they might have swept the stage for the occasion."

"You said it," she continues, following my train like a caboose into the dressing-room. "But that's the union for you. I don't know what ails them at all, at all." The use of this quaint Irish expression, borrowed from an Irish actor, sends her into gales of laughter as she begins to unhook Mary Nash. "Oh, Mr. Carroll," she goes on, "you have me in stitches all the time. I haven't laughed so much since I dressed Florence O'Toole, and what she called her perfume was nobody's business."

More gales of laughter and two sibilant shushes from the stage manager, but her mood changes as I step into my lavender pajamas.

"Really, Mr. Carroll, it's wonderful how clean you've kept those pajamas. I was telling the girls about it last night. All their white dresses cleaned and pressed for Monday night and on Tuesday they're not fit to be seen, and that Edna spilt a whole

TO THE MEDITERRANEAN
HOLY LAND AND EGYPT

The Mauretania makes up her mind

To do what? To sail from New York February 16 for a Winter Cruise... For the fifth successive year she intends to abandon the wintry Atlantic for sunny Mediterranean ports... Madeira first, an island run amuck with flowers... then to Gibraltar ...the Riviera... Algiers... Naples ... Athens... Cairo and the Holy Land...

When the Mauretania makes up her mind, things happen... She now decides to give travellers to the Mediterranean the most luxurious and thoughtfully remodelled staterooms... private baths, of course ... the intimate welcome of her lounge rooms... the grand swing of her promenade decks... an à la carte menu unsurpassed in the cafés of the Grand Boulevards... and she provides... and what ship could do more?... Cunard service.

N. Y. to Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Villefranche and Naples . . . . . $275 up.
N. Y. to Athens, Haifa and Alexandria . . $350 up.

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The finest suites in Europe, ranging in size from an entrance hall, a reception room, a bedroom, a bathroom and a kitchenette to an apartment containing a large reception hall, two large entertaining rooms, five bed and dressing rooms, four bathrooms and a kitchenette. Suites are furnished or unfurnished. Those now available unfurnished cost from £490 a year.

Furnished suites cost from 2 guineas a day. Single bedrooms with private bathroom from one guinea. These prices are absolutely inclusive.

The service, food and wines of Grosvenor House are perfect. It is ideal for banquets and public or private dances of any size.

Early this year Grosvenor House Club, the finest sports club in the world, will be opened under the Presidency of Lord Wodehouse. It will include a swimming bath, gymnasium, four squash courts, one specially reserved for ladies, Turkish baths and a great ice rink.

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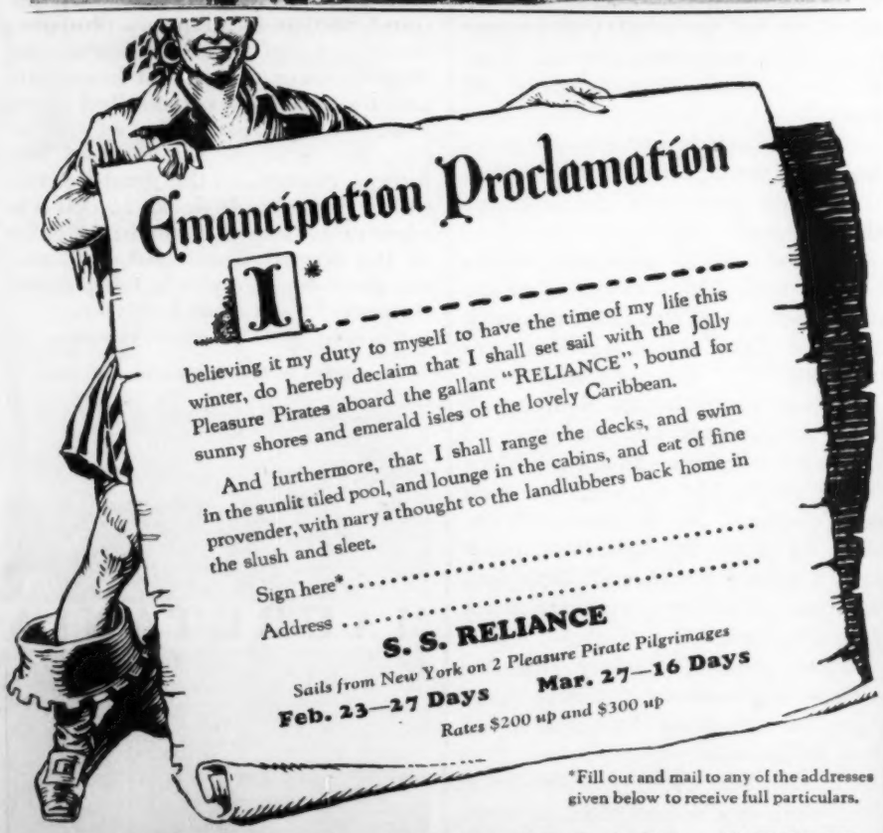

Emancipation Proclamation

I* believing it my duty to myself to have the time of my life this winter, do hereby declaim that I shall set sail with the Jolly Pleasure Pirates aboard the gallant "RELIANCE", bound for sunny shores and emerald isles of the lovely Caribbean.

And furthermore, that I shall range the decks, and swim in the sunlit tiled pool, and lounge in the cabins, and eat of fine provender, with nary a thought to the landlubbers back home in the slush and sleet.

Sign here* .....

Address .....

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Sails from New York on 2 Pleasure Pirate Pilgrimages

Feb. 23—27 Days **Mar. 27—16 Days**

Rates $200 up and $300 up

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maginum of champagne down the front of hers."

WHEN I return from the big pajama number, Irene is in the passage, violently brushing the red velvet. She has apparently been shushed again, for I hear her muttering: "I've never seen the stage manager yet who didn't have to be always asserting his authority," and then between giggles: "I don't know what ails them at all, at all."

"I think I'll just smoke one of your cigarettes now if you don't mind, Mr. Carroll. I'll just sit here behind the door. They've got that demon fireman on today. Last time he snooped around until he found my cleaning fluid and made me take it all out in the alley."

"Well, you must admit, Irene, there's no better place for cleaning fluid than this alley."

"Oh, you'll be the death of me," she sputters, coughing over her cigarette. "Really, I don't see how you get all those different voices. It's a work of genius, that's all. Did I ever tell you about the parrot they had in the 'Music Girl' company? It could imitate everybody's voice and it had my laugh down to perfection. Polly was always getting shushed and I'd get the blame for it. Everyone in that company had a pet. It was like a circus parade to see them coming down to the train on an early morning jump. First Eddie Clair with his parrot, and then Florence O'Toole with her Pekinese and a bowl of goldfish, and the Hurleys with their kid, and Mr. Hurley dragging the luggage in the kid's express-wagon (he was a lovely man though), and last of all René

• •

Rambova laden with bundles and paper bags and a cage with two chameleons in it. Well, I'd just sit there in the train and laugh myself sick."

I HAVE to leave Irene among her souvenirs and dash onto the stage. She is close on my heels, however, anxiously watching every move of the Laurette Taylor gown.

"Well, that one behaved better, but the man who designed that dress was certainly out of his head at the time."

"Yes," I say, "it's a white evening gown by Jimmie Reynolds, but it looks like a white nightgown by Lane Bryant."

More hysterics, but fortunately the intermission is on. When the second-act overture is ended Irene sticks her head round the door.

"Are all your swell friends gone?" she asks. "Really, Mr. Carroll, I don't see what people like that, with their Rolls Royces and fine houses, see in a dirty backstage like this."

—ALBERT CARROLL

•

EPISTLE TO THE TRADE

GOLDSMITHS

I mourn the passing of the olden
Time, when gold was merely golden.
It was a better world, alas,
When gold presumed to look like
brass,
Before Belais had ushered in
The fad to make it look like tin;
But platinum is now the cry,
Quoted a little bit too high;
And so, in scientific fettle,
We bastardize an honest metal.

Because it's been considered silly
To gild the pallor of the lily
We, in our wisdom manifold,
Contrive to lillify the gold.

Kindly note that my polemic
Interest is academic.
Leap-year perils all were passed
Safely by this scholiast.

—A. K. L.

•

Last night the Stephen C. Clarks quite outdid themselves at the Ritz-Carlton when they presented their Elizabeth at a ball disguised—and successfully, too—as an Italian terrace and garden.—*The News.*

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RECENT BOOKS

A Gentle Modern and Some Savage Ancients

IN "First Love," E. M. Delafield has written a tender love story quite unlike her earlier novels. Its gentleness rather disturbs us, for we have been accustomed these last ten years to settle down to an evening of brilliant malice whenever a new Delafield novel appeared. Can it be that "First Love" is a novel without fangs? It is, like most of its predecessors, a study of intimate group relationships. In this case the core of the group consists of four young people—Lionel and Ellie Carey; their cousin, Victoria; and Simon Lawless, a friend.

Ellie is a lovely young person, surpassingly beautiful, who is always pointed out by the hard-boiled, honest-minded, and delightful Vic as being "on another plane . . . something finer than we are." She falls in love with Simon, who is a natural and successful philanderer. Inevitably he breaks her heart. We were so irritated by Ellie that we didn't much care. Perhaps we, like Simon, have no sense of "spiritual values," but after all, the only indications that Ellie gives of being on another plane are: (item) she cannot dance, (item) she wears the wrong stockings with evening dresses, (item) she fumbles when she arranges flowers, (item) she is no good at any game, (item) she suffers tortures because she is jealous of Simon.

There are some excellent individual portraits in this novel, and in spite of our feeling about the sacrificial lamb of "First Love," it is a tender and touching story. In the back of our mind there lingers the suspicion that the incomparable E. M. Delafield has covertly and deliberately engendered our dislike of her heroine.

"THE SNAKE PIT," the second volume of Sigrid Undset's tetralogy, "The Master of Hestviken," carries on the story of Olav and Ingunn.

Here they are, these two; bound together by their old childish love, grown stronger year by year and sealed by their two sins, adultery and murder. It is their marriage portion. They look for happiness and for forgetful-

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LIPPINCOTT

ness, and find themselves, with only their love as a guide, floundering about in a bog of remorse. They have children and the children die. It is a judgment. What goes on in Olav's mind, trying to shrive himself, and at the same time trying pitifully and futilely to ease Ingunn's conscience, must be read as it is set down. No bare outline can give the impact that comes from the struggle of these tortured souls to recapture peace.

The story takes place in Norway in the Middle Ages, but it gives one none of the feeling of a costume novel. Olav and Ingunn are medieval in their manners, their morals, and their ways of thought, but they are so real that their background falls into its proper relation to their story—which is one of sombre magnificence and beauty.

THERE was a man who became the subject of ballads, not for his virtues but for his villainy, during the years following the American Revolution. He was Simon Girty, and his name was used by frontier mothers to frighten their children to sleep. He was an American-born white man who allied himself with the British and Indians against his countrymen, and to whom almost any outrage against humanity could be credited.

In "Simon Girty," Thomas Boyd disclaims any intention of whitewashing him; that would be fatal. He does, however, try to see how far he can be explained. There is plenty of adventure in the book, but we found it hard to believe that Simon Girty's "name and fame" were worth the effort even of explanation.

ARTHUR WEIGALL's "Personalities of Antiquity" is a highly entertaining and illuminating collection of sketches of famous and infamous ancients. There is, for instance, a scandal about Julius Caesar, and merry tales about the thirst of the Queen of Sheba; about Theodora, the bearkeeper's daughter who became an empress; Aspasia, the lady whom Athens did not receive; the result of smacking Queen Boadicea; the strange case of Aaron, the Orthodox; and the club established about 40 B. C., by Cleopatra and Marc Antony, called The Inimitable Livers. "Personalities of Antiquity" is not a very important contribution to historical knowledge, but it will give anyone interested in the new method of writing history an exceedingly pleasant hour. —R. L. L.

She had taken "the cure" . . .

. . . not that she seemed to need it at all . . . but it's what one does in Karlsbad . . . just as everyone gathers there at the *Hotel Imperial* for its smart environment and truly incomparable cuisine.

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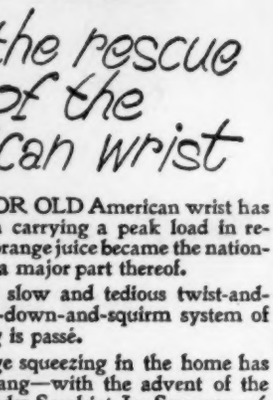

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FICTION

THE SNAKE PIT, by Sigrid Undset (*Knopf*). Volume II of a magnificent tetralogy, "The Master of Hestviken." Fine characterization, psychology, and plot. Don't miss its predecessor, "The Axe," or its successors, not yet published.

FIRST LOVE, by E. M. Delafield (*Harper*). A tender and searching story of the emotion everyone experiences—once.

PROCESSION, by Fannie Hurst (*Harper*). Five characteristic short stories just to show what their author can do between novels.

PEDER VICTORIOUS, by O. E. Rolvaag (*Harper*). The author of "Giants in the Earth" carries on the account of Per Hansa's son in a sincere story of the revolt of youth.

THROUGH BEDS OF STONE, by M. L. Haskins (*Knopf*). Really distinguished writing and a close analysis of the growth of a woman's soul. Not for the reader who wants his plots hot off the griddle.

WHILE THE BRIDEGROOM TARRIED, by Edna Bryner (*Dutton*). The story of an egoist and his relations to various women. A curious and not always lucid tale, pretentiously written.

THE GALLANT CAME LATE, by Marian Storm (*Putnam*). A first novel of sincerity and beauty, particularly effective in its treatment of the heroine's youth on a Maine farm.

MANTIS, by Ethelreda Lewis (*Simon & Schuster*). The discoverer of Trader Horn makes entomology in South Africa the background for a novel of unusual freshness and romantic appeal.

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN, by H. W. Freeman (*Holt*). A novel in the Hardy tradition, with a farm as its central figure.

PRIVATE SUHREN, by George von der Vring (*Harper*). The daily life and thought of a soldier in the German war machine.

SIX MORAL TALES FROM JULES LAFOURGE (*Liveright*). Frances Newman's excellent translation of sophisticated fables.

THE REBEL GENERATION, by Jo van Ammers-Küller (*Dutton*). Charming presentation of three rebellious women in a Dutch family.

MIST, by Miguel de Unamuno (*Knopf*). A philosopher turns novelist, with a not too successful result. There are, however, some bright spots in this fantastic tale told in the eighteenth-century manner.

Less recent:

THE WELL OF LONELINESS, by Radclyffe Hall. THE MAD PROFESSOR, by Hermann Sudermann. STRIDE OF MAN, by Thames Williamson. THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA, by Arnold Zweig. HOW THE OLD WOMAN GOT HOME, by M. P. Shiel. UNDINE, by Olive Schreiner. SOME MEN AND WOMEN, by Marie Belloc Lowndes. JOSHUA'S VISION, by William J. Locke. THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1928. O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES OF 1928. LILY CHRISTINE, by Michael Arlen. THE WANDERER, by Alain Fournier.

GENERAL

SIMON GIRTY, by Thomas Boyd (*Minton, Balch*). The bad man of the border, who cast his lot with the Indians and the British during the Revolution, makes a picturesque subject.

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THE WAY THE WORLD IS GOING, by H. G. Wells (*Doubleday, Doran*). A characteristic group of reflections on contemporary tendencies, with guesses and forecasts of the years ahead.

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THE REIGN OF THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD, by Count Egon Caesar Corti (*Cosmopolitan*). A continuation of the history of the golden Titans from 1830 to the present day. A fascinating story.

CAWDOR, by Robinson Jeffers (*Liveright*). A long narrative poem with great dramatic power, intellectual vigor, and the sweep of a Greek drama.

BLACK ROCK AND OTHER POEMS, by John Gould Fletcher (*Macmillan*). Mr. Fletcher's new collection of verses is rich and varied.

WINTER WORDS IN VARIOUS MOODS AND METRES, by Thomas Hardy (*Macmillan*). Hardy's last poems, intellectual rather than lyrical but nevertheless full of an austere and rugged beauty.

THE GREAT ENLIGHTMENT, by Lee Wilson Dodd (*Harper*). Worth reading for the title poem alone, in which Mr. Dodd turns a satiric and Popian eye upon modern manners and letters.

OUTLINE OF CAREERS FOR WOMEN, edited by Doris Fleischman (*Doubleday, Doran*). The many fields of women's activities are discussed by women who have succeeded in them.

JEWS ARE LIKE THAT, by Analyticus (*Brentano*). Analyticus discusses what nine distinguished Jews actually *are* to discover what the Jew really is.

MAN THE MIRACLE MAKER, by Hendrik Willem van Loon (*Liveright*). Mr. van Loon tells the story of man's inventions in his sprightly manner.

THE DIARY OF DOSTOYEVSKY'S WIFE, (*Macmillan*). What marriage to a genius is really like.

Less recent:

THE EARLY LIFE OF THOMAS HARDY, by Florence Emily Hardy. MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE POMPADOUR, by Madame du Hausset. SCHUMANN-HEINK, by Mary Lawton. THE TRAGEDY OF EDWARD VII, by W. E. Edwards. FABULOUS NEW ORLEANS, by Lyle Saxon. JUBILEE JIM: THE LIFE OF COL. JAMES FISK, JR., by Robert H. Fuller. I SAW IT MYSELF, by Henri Barbusse. FOOL'S ERRAND, by Alexander Laing. THE LETTERS OF SACCO AND VANZETTI. MOSES, by Louis Untermeyer. SONNETS, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. PARIS SALONS, CAFÉS, STUDIOS, by Sisley Huddleston. WEST-RUNNING BROOK, by Robert Frost. ELIZABETH AND ESSEX, by Lytton Strachey. LIFE IN LETTERS OF WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, edited by Mildred Howells. THE WORLD DOES MOVE, by Booth Tarkington. MY LIFE IS IN YOUR HANDS, by Eddie Cantor. ON DOING THE RIGHT THING, by Albert Jay Nock.

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WRITING or work requiring intelligence.
—*The Times.*

Yes—*or.*

Spirit

MANY nations scorn to test themselves beforehand for the inevitable crises they will be called upon to face, many have failed to develop a way to do this even when so inclined, but a fortunate few test their national souls every day without realizing it. Such a nation is the United States.

On netted courts, on baseball fields, amidst the swinging clatter of hockey sticks, in football scrimmages, up and down the greens, astride the backs of lunging polo ponies, Americans, from one end of the country to the other, are suffering the often dangerous punishments of hard and fast play, undergoing the difficult test of victory, and the morale straining ordeal of public defeat. Through all these tests, which in themselves as sport occupy a major slice of the American mind, the American passes on to his maturer struggles, proven in courage and strengthened in body. Sport is the laboratory of the nation. It is also important *news*.

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